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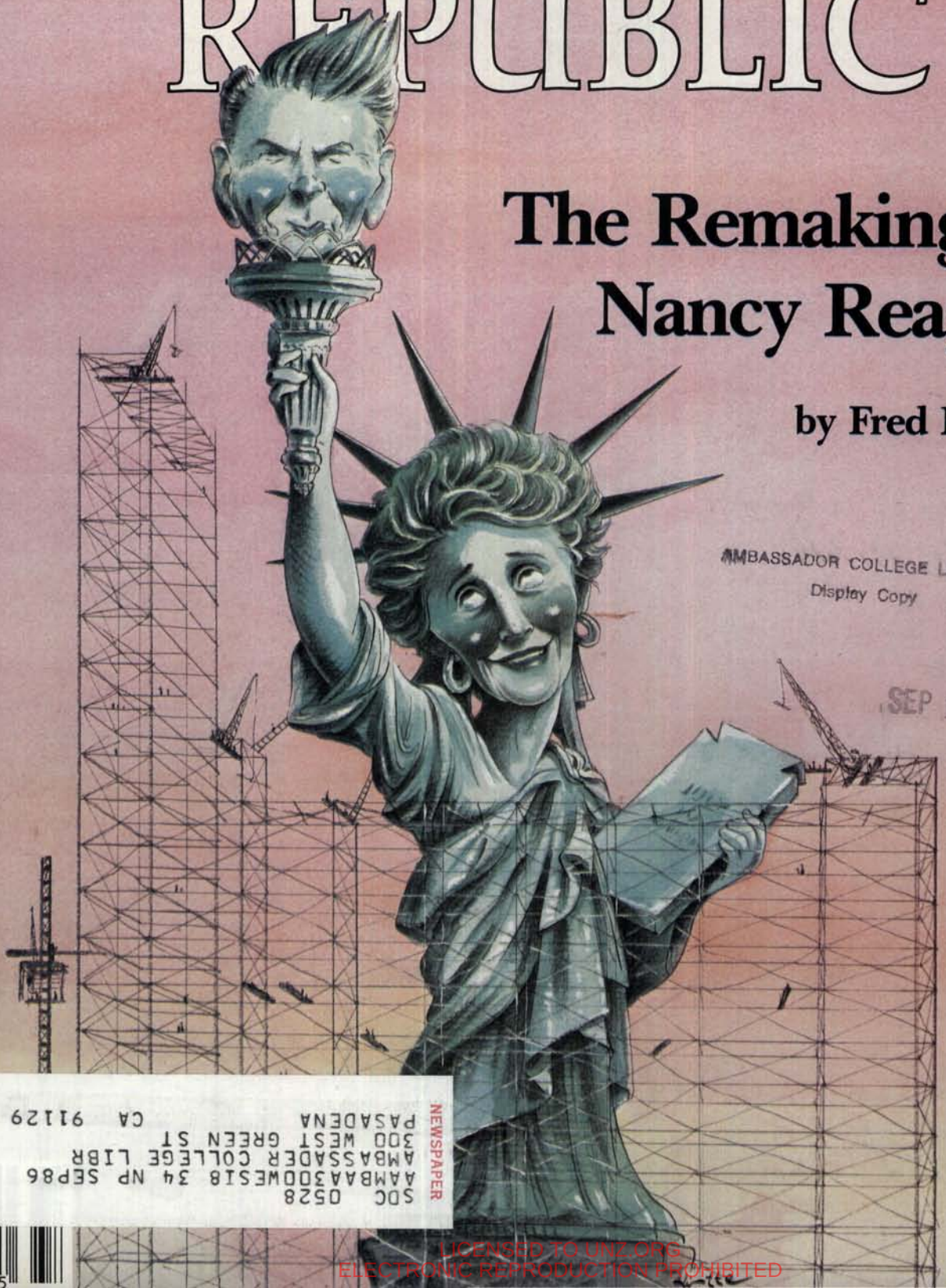
THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Remaking of Nancy Reagan

by Fred Barnes



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CRUEL MENTALITY

To the editors:

Barbara Ehrenreich's sanctimonious review of *Breaking Points* ("Johnny, We Hardly Knew You," August 5), by the parents of John Hinckley, is a cruel example of the tendency to blame victims for their misfortune. In indicting Jack and Jo Ann Hinckley for the mental illness of their son, she manages not only to suggest that these parents are undeserving of our sympathy, but also to demean the Hinckleys' heroic efforts to come to terms with their family tragedy by now devoting themselves to publicizing the warning signs of mental illness.

Ehrenreich abundantly displays the very lack of empathy she attributes to the Hinckleys as parents. Her use of terms such as "nut" and "fiend" will give comfort to all those who stigmatize victims of mental illness. And her amateurish analysis of family dynamics betrays total ignorance of today's knowledge about the causes of John Hinckley's malady. Schizophrenia does not arise from troubled family relationships. (If it did, the illness would be rampant.) Instead, the roots of schizophrenia lie primarily in yet-to-be-understood biochemical and neurophysiological malfunctions of the brain.

Families with mentally ill children are deserving of compassion, not heartless pontifications. That is surely so in the case of the Hinckleys, who are courageously using their suffering as a motive for helping others.

JULIUS SEGAL
Rockville, Maryland

Barbara Ehrenreich replies:

Mr. Segal is too quick to shoot the bearer of bad news. If he doesn't like the review, he should try the book.

TERRIFYING CIVILIZATION

To the editors:

Walter Laqueur makes an argument in "Terrorists and Spies" (July 29) that I believe to be without merit. "Americans have been told for some time" that terrorism is one of their "greatest challenges" precisely because it has been and so remains. The number of international terrorist incidents, 40 percent of which are aimed at American lives and interests, has been rising for years. Western businesses spend tens of millions annually in ransom payments and kidnapping insurance. The State Department has been spending $200 million a year on security, and is now asking for several billion for remodeling embassies.

"Predictions were made two, ten, and even 90 years ago" that civilization was imperiled by terrorism. Were they unreasonable? According to Barbara Tuchman's *The Proud Tower*, Paris lay paralyzed and shuttered under anarchist bomb attacks in the 1890s. Anarchists killed six heads of state in the 20 years before 1914. A terrorist's bullets began (though of course did not cause) World War I, which *was* apocalyptic, physically, intellectually, and culturally.

Has Uruguay returned to health today? Almost. But Uruguay was "the Switzerland of Latin America" for decade after decade until the 1960s, when society was shredded by a relatively

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INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION

Recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail falling into the suffocating arms of a Rev. Moon or a Jerry Falwell, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First, which we see celebrated all around us these days. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this "return to religion," and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual fascination with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments which result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Bishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary riches offered by such greats as Ignazio Silone, Graham Greene, Thomas Merton, W.H. Auden, Flannery O'Connor, and Walker Percy.

An ecumenical and literary monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively" and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky." And there's no denying the *Library Journal*'s verdict that we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

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FROM WASHINGTON

'True Affirmative Action'

We are greater advocates of affirmative action than almost any administration that's come along and I personally am absolutely committed to affirmative action. But I'm equally opposed to discrimination. . . . Numerical goals and discrimination based on numerical goals [are] wrong.

—Attorney General Edwin Meese, *The Washington Post*, August 25.

In the great debate over affirmative action, both sides waste a lot of energy kidding themselves. Supporters of current practice insist that there's a difference between "goals" and "quotas." Critics ridicule this distinction. Meanwhile, they cling to a distinction of their own: between the dread goals and quotas on the one hand and some platonic ideal of discrimination-free affirmative action on the other.

The critics are right about goals and quotas. In practice, government-enforced "goals" lead to reverse discrimination just like outright quotas. Under present law, the only way an employer can be excused from meeting an established goal, based on the racial breakdown of the job pool, is by proving that every criterion in the hiring process is essential to the job. Since no hiring process—or at least, no good one—is utterly mechanistic and objective, this burden of proof is near-impossible to meet. So racial favoritism is inevitable.

In August someone leaked a draft administration order repealing the key affirmative action rules for government contractors. These rules, imposed by the Nixon administration (!) in 1969, are what made numerical affirmative action part of American life. The draft order—which only requires the president's signature to take effect—would end the use of numerical goals and would forbid the Labor Department to use racial statistics as evidence of employment discrimination.

The predictable fuss caused the White House to back off, saying this order was only "in the early stages of discussion." In fact, though, the administration announced last February, in a generally overlooked addendum to the 1986 budget, that it intended to change the rules in precisely this way.

Yet the administration insists that it favors affirmative action. "True affirmative action," explains the budget addendum, "bears no relationship to quotas or preferential treatment." So what is it? It consists of "vigorously recruiting qualified minority and women candidates; encouraging [minorities and women] to apply for . . . opportunities in which they have been traditionally underrepresented; identifying barriers to opportunities [and] devising training programs to overcome such barriers." The controversial draft order requires all government contractors, for the first time, to have a minority recruitment and training program. The administration obviously sees the emphasis on recruitment and training as a way to prove its sincerity as it moves to eliminate goals and quotas.

But this so-called "true affirmative action" hardly avoids the alleged poison of racial favoritism. After all, most Americans would do better in the game of life with a bit more recruitment and training. There are whites as well as blacks who miss opportunities they could benefit from. There are men as well as women who lack skills that would allow them to prosper more. Special "recruitment and training" programs for minorities and women offer people an advantage based on their race or sex—and deny that opportunity to others for the same reason—just as surely as any quota.

Just like the logic of hiring "goals," the logic of "true [sic] affirmative action" depends on the false assumption that getting ahead in America is a mechanistic process. There is a stage called "opportunity," at which special efforts on behalf of disadvantaged groups are permissible. At the next stage, though, called "selection," only meritocratic considerations are allowed. That's the model. But in reality, every rung on life's ladder is "recruitment and training" for the next. A moral distinction between "recruit-

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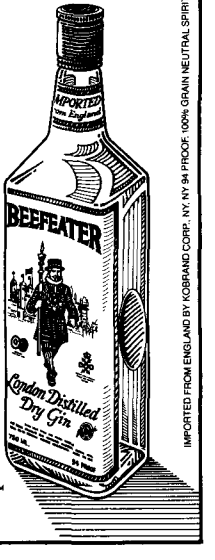

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
SEPTEMBER 16 & 23, 1985

CREEPING CAPITALISM

Congress's latest failure to overhaul the Pentagon's military procurement process comes as no surprise. The weak compromise package put together by a closed-door House-Senate conference committee in July marks yet another in a long list of failed attempts to change the way the Defense Department goes about buying its weapons. Like the previous efforts, the proposed reforms were laid to rest by the adamant opposition of the Pentagon and the defense industry. The compromise weakened three key provisions proposed by the House: introducing competition in the purchasing of major weapons systems; barring Pentagon employees from using the "revolving door" to accept jobs in the military industry for two years after leaving the Defense Department; and requiring contractors to provide the Pentagon with detailed projections of the future cost of weaponry. The compromise has passed the Senate, and will be debated by the House this fall.

The procurement boondoggle, for all the sensational stories of $400 claw hammers and $630 toilet seats, is nothing new. Cost overruns are an American tradition. In 1794 Congress authorized the construction of six frigates to be completed in a year. Half of the frigates were not delivered until more than four years later, and by then the cost per ship had nearly tripled. During the wartime mobilization before World Wars I and II, the military successfully resisted civilian attempts to refine the procurement process. After a 1962 Harvard study found that real costs averaged as much as seven times more than original estimates, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara proposed a wide range of reforms designed to curb the burgeoning cost of weapons acquisition. McNamara's proposals came to little, as did initiatives by Nixon defense secretary Melvin Laird.

Reagan, in the early days of his administration, also had a go at procurement reform. Deputy Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci in April 1981 launched a sweeping program to increase the efficiency of the procurement process through a series of 32 different procedural changes. But Carlucci didn't have much hope that the changes would work. He conceded to a House subcommittee later that year, "We recognized fully that not only had the acquisition process been studied numerous times, but many of our initiatives had been tried before and never really got very far." Nonetheless, in 1982 and 1983 the president established independent offices within the Pentagon to monitor contract costs. None of these bureaucratic changes is likely to decrease the estimated $23 billion that critics say the Pentagon will waste—out of the estimated $70 billion that will be spent buying weapons this year—because of mismanagement, duplication, and fraud.

If anything, however, the outrage over pricey toilet seats and "revolving door" deals (which resulted in the recent resignation of procurement official Mary Ann Gilleece) has served to cloud the most fundamental problem with the way the Pentagon buys its weapons. For all the bureaucratic tinkering, the defense industry still does not operate in anything close to a free market. It is almost impossible for a defense contractor to take a loss on a Pentagon contract. Although many contracts are ostensibly fixed-price agreements, no weapon price is really fixed in advance. Loopholes, escalation clauses, and after-the-fact renegotiations are standard.

The lack of competitive bidding allows defense contractors to hold the Pentagon hostage. Contractors make unre-

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alistically low bids in order to please Congress. Once the weapons system is approved, the contractor can then spend far more than the original bid. The companies know the Pentagon will pay, and they can be confident that Congress will not scrap a project that is already under way and has already cost millions of dollars. (The Pentagon's August 27 announcement that it is scrapping the costly and flawed DIVAD anti-aircraft gun is the exception that proves the rule.) This is the heart of the process that has defied all efforts to change it.

Weinberger is content with this process. Speaking before the Senate Armed Services Committee in July 1983, Weinberger said he has "consciously avoided major structural change during my tenure as secretary of defense" and favors a "more evolutionary approach to the management of DOD [Department of Defense]." Weinberger's rejection of any major restructuring of the procurement process in favor of yet another round of modest "reforms" is really a proposal for no meaningful change. For example, the Pentagon already has a Defense Contract Audit Agency with 4,000 employees. But as *The Wall Street Journal* recently reported, the agency has been rendered largely impotent in its fight to curb cost overruns because the Pentagon is unwilling to slow its procurement drive.

OPPONENTS OF CHANGE have argued successfully that past reforms only increased bureaucracy, slowed the procurement process, and prevented Pentagon officials from using common sense when buying weapons. However, none of the previous reforms implemented by the Pentagon has tackled the institutional causes of the procurement mess. There are two reform proposals on the table now that would go a long way toward solving the inherent flaws in the procurement process.

Iowa Senator Charles Grassley has proposed the subversive notion of "creeping capitalism." The Pentagon lets about five percent of its contracts on a competitive basis. Grassley's bill would require that the Pentagon increase by five percent a year the amount of business it exposes to free-market competition. (See "Bloat Control" by James Fallows, June 17.) The part of the legislation that most disturbs the Pentagon bureaucracy is the requirement that contracts be decided on the basis of sealed bids. This is considered a no-no in military circles because it allegedly would result in cut-rate work. The "creeping capitalism" bill, a worthy and modest reform, may be doomed for that reason.

The Grace Commission's 1983 report on military procurement contended that the cost overrun problems probably will be solved only by the creation of a single procurement agency within the Pentagon. The commission rightly rejected the idea that procurement problems can be resolved simply by tighter management. No matter how well individual agencies in the Pentagon are run, the commission notes, they each purchase their own weaponry and spare parts. This has led to "massive duplication of effort among the services and between the services and the OSD [Office of the Secretary of Defense]."

The commission proposed as an ultimate goal the creation of a single procurement office, which would significantly reduce the military's freedom to spend with abandon. Delaware senator William Roth's proposal to establish a civilian-run Office of Major Weapon Acquisitions would do exactly this.

Procurement reform, subject to the same special-interest sniping as tax reform, deserves bipartisan support. Despite what Weinberger seems to think, reform is not a threat to a strong military. To the contrary, the continuing boondoggle only enervates and distracts from efforts to maintain a strong military. Besides the money that would be saved by reform, the Pentagon budget would become less of a whipping boy. Until the stories of $659 ashtrays cease, Congress will continue to cut the Pentagon's requests. "The spare-parts horror stories probably cost us $18 billion [in the 1986 budget]," outgoing Assistant Defense Secretary Lawrence Korb told the *Journal*. Democrats especially should see in defense reform the kind of issue that they can turn to electoral advantage. Republican reform advocates are already predicting that the public will blame Republicans for the procurement foolishness in 1986 and 1988. But that will happen only if the congressional Democrats decide to go to the heart of the procurement process.

NOTEBOOK

□ WAKE UP: Until August 26, it was just barely possible to believe that President Reagan's misguided "constructive engagement" policy toward South Africa was at least sincerely intended as a way to end apartheid. Now Reagan has revealed his understanding of apartheid to be so detached from reality that his policy loses all credibility. The president told a radio interviewer that President P. W. Botha's is a "reformist administration" and that segregation in public places "has all been eliminated." He implied that apartheid resembles the situation in the American South before integration. In fact, segregation in public places is still widespread. Nowhere does the South African government forbid racial discrimination; it merely doesn't *require* discrimination anymore in some areas of urban life. Hotels and restaurants that wish to serve blacks must get a government permit. Only a few have done so. More shocking, Reagan seems oblivious to the more important aspects of apartheid, such as the pass laws, restrictions on where blacks may live, segregated education, and—above all—the denial of all political rights to three-quarters of the population. It's useful to have a reminder every now and then of how out-of-it our president is.

□ LOTTO NONSENSE: Isn't it wonderful that 21 workers at a printing factory, from a heartwarming cross section of

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American ethnic groups, have won $13 million in the New York state lottery? Well, perhaps. Both *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* have indulged in lottery editorials riffing on the Emma Lazarus theme. On the other hand, here's another story. One of our editors was invited to discuss state lotteries on a TV news show the night after the big drawing. The network kindly provided a ride home. The driver reported that he and his co-workers—swept up in the frenzy of publicity—also had pooled some money to play the New York lottery. One of them drove to New York and stood in line for two hours to buy tickets. The driver himself had put in $20. *Twenty dollars?* You must be crazy, the editor remarked. "Oh, that's not much," said the driver. "Some guys put in $200." And the group was going to dispatch another emissary to New York to play again the following week. We submit that there's nothing at all wonderful about the government suckering hard-working people into parting with serious money in futile pursuit of the very un-American dream of painless wealth. In fact, it's awful.

□ STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, convicted tax felon, continues to seek vindication in newspaper ads. (See "The Press: New Moon" by Michael Isikoff, August 26.) The latest features a large photo of Moon and a banner headline, "Proud to Know Him." The ad is signed by "members of the international academic community" who laud Moon as "a man of integrity." Among the signers is a "Dr. Huey P. Newton, University of California, Santa Cruz." Is this the same Huey P. Newton who won notoriety in the 1960s for leading the Black Panthers and more notoriety in the mid-1970s for allegations of extortion and a felony conviction for illegal possession of a gun? A Moon spokesman said he didn't think so. But a University of Santa Cruz spokesman says that the only Huey Newton connected with Santa Cruz is this very one, who received his bachelor and doctorate degrees there but has no current affiliation. These two gentlemen deserve each other.

□ FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "A conservative educator said recently that the universities harbor 'a loose alliance of Maoists, Trotskyites, Stalinists, Cheists, anarchists, utopians, and nihilists.' All over the nation, candidates for political office are telling American citizens that they must stand up to the university, that they must stop financing 'strike funds and narcotics and reeking apartments.' Dissenters are portrayed as repulsive and disgusting 'crazies,' the very antithesis of America's shining youth. In February, Vice President Agnew called them 'malcontents, radicals, incendiaries, and civil and uncivil disobedients among our young.' He went on to tell his St. Louis audience, 'I would swap the whole damn zoo for a single platoon of the kind of Americans I saw in Vietnam.' " ("Students Aren't Crazies" by Mark A. Tessler and Ronald D. Hedlund, September 12, 1970.)

Why we need race consciousness.

A Defense Of Quotas

As RECENTLY as three years ago Nathan Glazer noted with dismay the inability, or unwillingness, of the most conservative American administration in 50 years to do anything about the growing entrenchment, in law and in practice, of racial quotas. It seemed that officially sanctioned race consciousness was becoming irrevocably woven into American life.

Glazer's pessimism was premature. In the last two years a revolution has been brewing on the issue of affirmative action. It is marked not by the pronouncements of Clarence Pendleton, or the change in composition and ideology of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. That is for show. It is marked by a series of court rulings and administration actions that, step by step, will define affirmative action out of existence.

How far this process had gone was dramatized by the leak of a draft executive order that would outlaw in federal government contracting not only quotas and statistical measures but any "preference . . . on the basis of race, color, religion, sex or national origin . . . with respect to any aspect of employment." Although this appeared as a bolt from a blue August sky, it was, in fact, the culmination of a process that has been building over the last several years. It amounts to a counterrevolution in stages on the issue of race-conscious social policy.

The counterrevolution has occurred in what is probably the most crucial domain of affirmative action: employment. Classic affirmative action mandates preference for blacks (and women and other favored groups) at all four steps in the employment process: recruitment, hiring, promotion, and firing. The counterrevolution has attacked such preferences at each step of the way, beginning at the end.

The first major breach in the edifice of affirmative action was the Supreme Court's Memphis fire fighters decision of June 1984. The City of Memphis had been under a court-ordered consent decree to increase the number of blacks in the fire department. When layoffs came in 1981, a U.S. District Court ruled that last-hired blacks could not be the first fired, as the seniority system dictated. Three whites were laid off instead. The Supreme Court reversed that decision. It ruled that in a clash between a bona fide seniority system and affirmative action, seniority prevails.

You cannot fire by race. But can you promote? Can you hire? The next, more tentative, step in the counterrevolution occurred this past spring in the District of Columbia. A suit originally filed in the waning days of the Carter administration had resulted in mandated preferential hiring and promotions for minorities in the city's fire departments. In March the D.C. fire chief, according to one of the judge's directives in the case, ordered that five black fire

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fighters be promoted over whites who had scored higher than they had.

The union immediately filed suit to block the promotions. And the Justice Department joined the suit on the union's side. The judge in the case then rendered a Solomonic decision prohibiting race consciousness in promotion, but permitting it in hiring.

The case is under appeal and no one knows how it will come out. The reason is that no one knows how to interpret *Memphis*. Did this ruling apply only to layoffs, as suggested to civil rights groups trying to limit their losses? Or did it apply also to hiring and/or promotion, the other crucial career choke points? You can read *Memphis* either way, and everyone is waiting for the Court to say.

Everyone, that is, except William Bradford Reynolds, head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, and leading *contra*. Reynolds is a conservative in a hurry. Invoking *Memphis* as his authority, he ordered 51 jurisdictions from New York to Los Angeles to cleanse existing consent decrees (which mandated goals—quotas—in hiring) of any hint of group or racial preference. Not only would preferences be outlawed from now on, but existing decrees would have to be revised to reflect the new dispensation.

Reynolds's target is to root out race consciousness in toto, from firing to promotion to hiring. Everything, it seems, except recruitment. Last June, at the start of Reynolds's confirmation hearings for the number three job at Justice (he was eventually turned down), he sent a letter to Senator Edward Kennedy stating that he favored affirmative action in recruitment. He argued that it is the only permissible affirmative action; in fact, it is how you determine its success. Its success could be "measured," he wrote, "in the number of persons who are recruited to apply."

RECRUITING, it seems, would be the last refuge for affirmative action. Or so it seemed, until the final step: draft executive order 11246 revising the affirmative action order that since 1968 has mandated race consciousness and statistical norms (quotas) in employment for government contractors. The draft executive order would repeal it all: goals, timetables, statistical norms, and other forms of racial preference.

It appears to do so even for Reynolds's cherished exception, recruitment. Hard to tell, though. The first section of the draft order seems to define affirmative action, as Reynolds likes to, as exclusively applicable to recruitment. "Each government contractor . . . shall engage in affirmative recruitment . . . to . . . expand[ing] the number of qualified minorities and women who receive full consideration for hiring and promotion." But the very next section continues: "Nothing in this executive order shall be interpreted to require . . . any preference . . . on the basis of race . . . with respect to any aspect of employment, including . . . recruitment. . . ."

Either the drafters are exceedingly careless, or the internal administration debate over whether to go the very last mile in eradicating race consciousness has yet to be decided. In either case, recruitment poses a logical problem for Reynolds & Company (if race consciousness is in principle unjust, how can it be O.K. for recruitment?). But it is not, in practice, a serious issue. If preferential treatment is outlawed for firing, promotion, and hiring, then recruitment really is the last mile: affirmative action expires long before it is reached. The administration and its civil rights opponents seem to agree that if this program—renegotiating the consent decrees and draft executive order 11246—is enacted, recruitment or not, race-conscious affirmative action is dead.

THEY DISAGREE about whether that would be a good thing. Is race-conscious affirmative action worth saving?

There are three arguments in favor. The first, marshaled principally against Reynolds's revisionist consent decree, is profoundly conservative. It says that at this late date things are working out well, whatever the merits. Let well enough alone. The Justice Department would "disturb the acquiescence of the community in the new systems established after much travail and effort under the consent decrees," charged the NAACP. It will "threaten social peace for the sake of ideology," said *The Washington Post*. "Don't stick your nose in cases that have already been resolved," said Representative Don Edwards, one of five representatives who wrote to the attorney general asking him to cease and desist.

The irony here, of course, is that the NAACP is relatively new to the cause of "settledness." Not always has it argued that justice should be deferred so as not to "disturb the acquiescence of the community" in existing social arrangements. That was the segregationist case. And in that case, it was argued, correctly, that although settledness and social peace have some claims to make, they cannot prevail over the claims of justice.

It works, argues William H. Hudnut, the Republican mayor of Indianapolis, of his city's consent decree setting aside a quarter of its police and fire fighting slots for minorities. Why fix what ain't broke?

Because justice is not interested in what's broke and what's not; it is interested in justice. Hence the second argument for affirmative action, the familiar argument: that while color blindness may be a value, remedying centuries of discrimination through (temporary) race consciousness is a higher value.

Does the right of the disadvantaged to redress (through preferential treatment) override the right of individuals to equal treatment? *Memphis* and the D.C. fire fighters decision begin to parse the issue. The logic of these decisions is that in layoffs and promotion the aggrieved whites have, by dint of service, acquired *additional* individual claims that outweigh the historical claims of blacks. But what about unadorned individual claims? When hired you bring your citizenship with you and nothing else.

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Shouldn't that be enough to entitle you to equal, color-blind treatment?

It is not clear how to adjudicate the competing claims, that of a historically oppressed community for redress, and of the blameless individual for equal treatment. One side claims the mantle of—indeed, it defines itself as the side of—civil rights. But that is surely a semantic claim. The movement began, of course, as a civil rights movement. But when, for example, the D.C. Office of Human Rights declares that its primary mission is to ensure that blacks end up in city jobs in proportion "equal to their group representation in the available work force," the issue has ceased to be rights. It is group advancement.

The other side claims the mantle of individual rights and equal treatment. That is not a semantic claim. But it is not an absolute one either. After all, either by design or default, we constantly enact social policies that favor certain groups at the expense of others, the individuals in neither group having done anything to deserve their fate. One routine, and devastating, exercise in social engineering is the government-induced recession, periodically applied to the economy to curb inflation. The inevitable result is suffering, suffering that we know well in advance will be borne disproportionately by the poor and working class.

Is this discrimination by class? Certainly. It is not admitted to be so, and it is certainly not the primary effect. But it is an inevitable and predictable side effect. Yet in the face of an overriding national priority—saving the currency—we adopt policies that disproportionately injure a recognized class of blameless individuals. (Similarly, the draft discriminates by age, the placement of toxic waste dumps by geography, etc. We continually ask one group or another to bear special burdens for the sake of the community as a whole.)

IF CONTROLLING inflation is a social goal urgent and worthy enough to warrant disproportionate injury to a recognized class of blameless individuals, is not the goal of helping blacks rapidly gain the mainstream of American life? Which suggests a third, and to my mind most convincing, line of defense for affirmative action. It admits that the issue is not decidable on the grounds of justice. It argues instead a more humble question of policy: that the rapid integration of blacks into American life is an overriding national goal, and that affirmative action is the means to that goal.

To be sure, affirmative action has myriad effects. They even include such subtle negative psychological effects on blacks as the "rumors of inferiority" studied by Jeff Howard and Ray Hammond (TNR, September 9). The calculation is complex. But it is hard to credit the argument that on balance affirmative action actually harms blacks. Usually advanced by opponents of affirmative action, this argument is about as ingenuous as Jerry Falwell's support of the Botha regime out of concern for South African blacks. One needs a willing suspension of disbelief to maintain that a policy whose essence is to favor blacks hurts them. Even the Reagan administration admits (in a report sent to Congress in February) that executive order 11246 has helped skilled black men.

The Reagan counterrevolutionaries want to end the breach of justice that is affirmative action. A breach it is, and must be admitted to be. It is not clear, however, that correcting this breach is any more morally compelling than redressing the historic injustice done to blacks. In the absence of a compelling moral case, then, the Reagan counterrevolution would retard a valuable social goal: rapid black advancement and integration. Justice would perhaps score a narrow, ambiguous victory. American society would suffer a wide and deepening loss.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Liar, madman, or credible witness?

DISORDER IN THE COURT

Rome

IT WAS the first day of the trial that Italian newspapers were calling "the trial of the century." Four Turks and three Bulgarians faced charges of conspiring with Ali Agca to assassinate Pope John Paul II four years ago. On May 27 Mehmet Ali Agca, serving a life sentence for shooting the pope in St. Peter's Square, was led into the metal cage that holds the defendants in the courtroom in Rome. He stood up and started shouting in Italian: "In the name of God Almighty, I announce the end of the world! I am Jesus Christ! In this generation the whole world will be destroyed!"

The defense chortled with glee. Agca was the state's star witness, and the case against the Bulgarians rested largely on his evidence and on his credibility as a witness. Agca had declared in his pretrial testimony that these men were part of a conspiracy conceived by the Bulgarian government to kill the pope. The lawyers for the Bulgarians hoped to convince the jury that Agca is a hopeless liar.

On the second day of the trial Agca was called to the stand, and Judge Severino Santiapicchi asked him where he got the gun he used to shoot the pope. Agca again said he was Jesus Christ and that he would await a message from the Vatican to decide whether he would testify.

The prosecution tried to dismiss the outbursts. "Agca is very believable," the prosecutor, Antonio Marini, said, "when he talks about facts." But Agca's outbursts were not just opening-day antics. In two months of testimony before the court recessed for the summer, he twisted and turned, changed his story, and contradicted himself so often that even the prosecutor threw up his hands in

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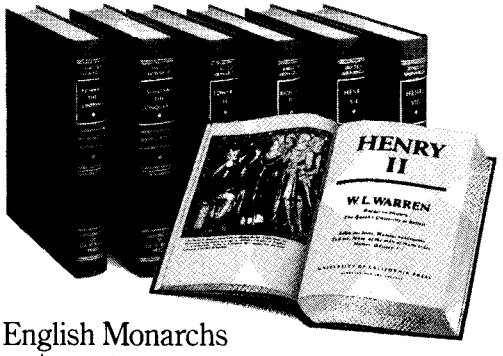

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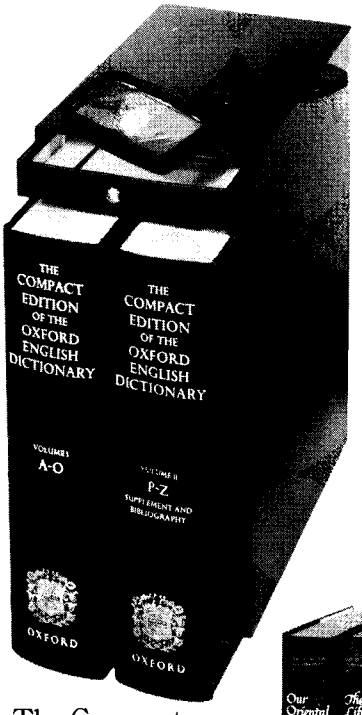

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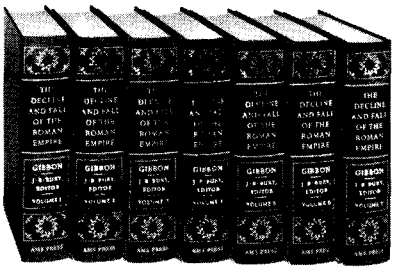

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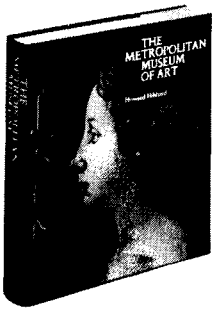

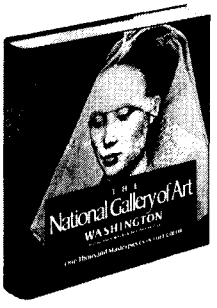

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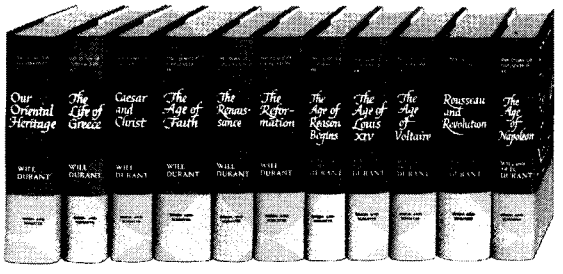

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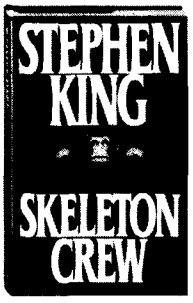

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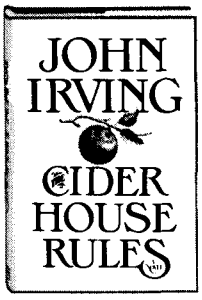

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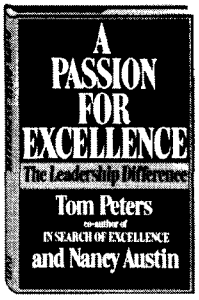

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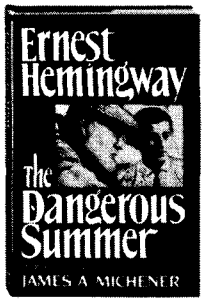

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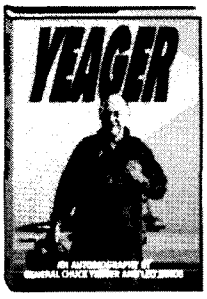

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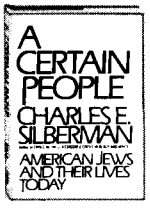

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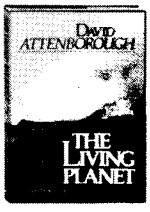

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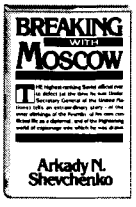

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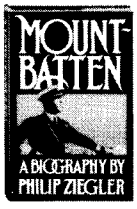

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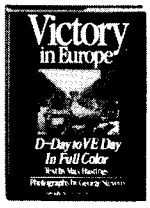

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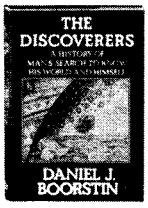

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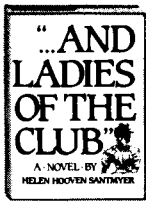

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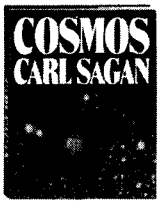

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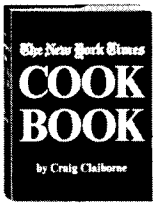

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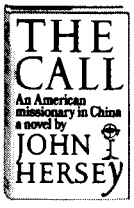

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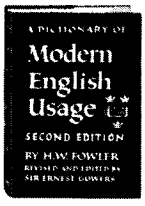

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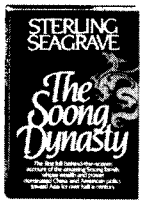

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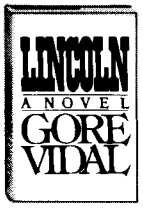

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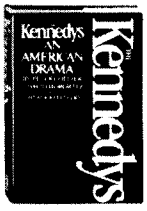

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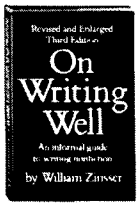

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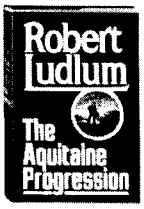

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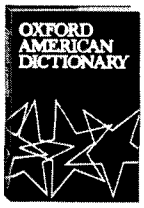

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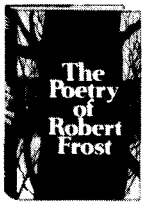

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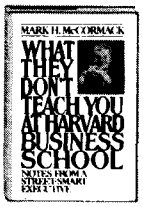

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exasperation and accused Agca of lying. "If he is trying to seem less credible," Marini said, "he has succeeded magnificently."

If the trial were in a U.S. court, Agca probably would be charged with perjury and contempt of court, and the defense would move to dismiss the case for lack of evidence. But under Italian law, the trial must continue until a sentence is handed down. There's no provision for dismissal. Nor is there such a thing as contempt of court. The closest crime in the Italian criminal statutes would be "insulting a public official," and, however contemptuous of justice Agca has been, he has been polite to the point of obsequiousness to the judge. Because Agca is a defendant as well as a witness in the trial—he is charged with illegally importing into Italy the weapon he used to shoot the pope—he cannot be charged with perjury. Defendants in Italian courts are not sworn in; their protection against self-incrimination is seen to include the right to lie on the stand, and their right to defend themselves includes the right to make long political declarations or personal statements to the court.

The judge has tried cajoling Agca, appealing to his ego, scolding him, quoting from the Bible and the Koran, and appealing to his conscience, but to no avail. "Ali Agca," the judge said one day, burying his head in his hands, "how can I understand when you're telling the truth and when you're lying?"

SOME OF Agca's statements are demonstrably true, or at least have been corroborated by other witnesses. Omer Bagci, a member of the right-wing Turkish youth group called the Gray Wolves and a defendant in the case, confirmed in court Agca's claim that he had carried from Switzerland the gun Agca used to shoot the pope, and delivered it to him at the Milan train station before the attack. (Bagci says, however, that he didn't know what the gun would be used for.) Musar Serdar Celebi, leader of the Gray Wolves and another defendant, admitted he met Agca in Milan and gave him money—as Agca claimed. (Celebi says he often gave money to fellow members of the Gray Wolves and knew nothing of the attack on the pope.)

Other statements by Agca are either ridiculous or implausible. He claimed one day that Licio Gelli, head of the secret Masonic lodge Propaganda 2, kidnapped Emanuela Orlandi, the daughter of a Vatican messenger who disappeared two years ago, "because this organization knew I was Jesus Christ and it wanted to use me as an instrument inside the Vatican." He claimed that Oral Celik, indicted as his accomplice in St. Peter's Square, who disappeared and is being tried in absentia, is now in Nicaragua fighting with the "International Brigades." Once, when the defense noisily interrupted the judge to demand that Agca disclose who fed him information about the Bulgarians in jail, the judge shouted: "*Abbia pazienza*, be patient, let me do my job." And Agca replied, "Yes, it was Francesco Pazienza." Pazienza, a former Italian secret service agent arrested in New York in March, is wanted in Italy on charges of espionage, revealing state secrets, and criminal association with the Mafia. This was the first time this character from a completely different Italian scandal entered the Agca story.

BUT MOST OF Agca's statements are in the vast gray area, neither demonstrably true, nor patently ridiculous, and that is the problem, especially regarding the key question of Bulgarian involvement that has excited so much speculation.

Did Agca have one, two, or three accomplices in St. Peter's Square the day of the shooting, or was he alone? He told the investigating magistrate, Ilario Martella, before the trial that his friend Celik was with him in the square and fired one shot. He said Sergei Antonov, the former station chief for Balkan Air and the only Bulgarian defendant in custody, drove them to the square and would have driven him away had he escaped. But in court, Agca said at first he had two accomplices in the square—Celik and a man he would only identify as "Akif"—and then he said he had three: Celik and two other Turks, Omer Ay and Sedat Sirri Kadem. And then he changed his story again: Antonov did not drive them to the square; they drove themselves.

The judge pressed Agca for any corroborating evidence. What hotel did they stay in? Agca said the Hilton, and gave the names they were registered under. The judge sent the police to the Hilton in Rome to check their records; no one was listed under the names Agca gave. Agca acknowledged he had lied. He identified his accomplices in photos taken in the square the day of the shooting, but when he was presented with mug shots of the men he named, he had to admit he was mistaken; the men in the photos in the square looked nothing like the mug shots. The judge asked Agca if he could offer any proof that the Turkish accomplices were in Rome the day of the attack—hotel registrations, car rental receipts, records, or airline tickets. "Unfortunately, there isn't any," was Agca's reply.

During a recess, reporters asked the prosecutor if Agca might have been alone in the square. "That's been a possibility all along," Marini said with a sigh.

Were two shots fired, or three? The investigating magistrate determined that three shots hit the pope, two fired by Agca and one fired by Celik. But in home movies taken by tourists in the square and shown in court, only two shots can be heard, and Judge Santiapicchi said two puffs of smoke are clearly visible.

Was any money paid for the attack? Agca has been vague and contradictory about how payments were arranged and what his share would have been.

Testimony about the role of the Bulgarian defendants has been just as murky. One day Agca gave the court a detailed description of his travels through Bulgaria in July and August 1980, but he left out all the accusations he had made in pretrial interrogations: he named no accomplices, and did not describe meetings held to plan the attack on the pope.

"In Bulgaria, did you meet with someone to plan the attack on the pope or not?" the judge asked.

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"The KGB and the Bulgarian state have threatened me. I can't answer yes or no," Agca said. "It's a political question."

The judge insisted. "You told the investigating magistrate there was complicity by the Bulgarians in the attack on the pope. Do you confirm this or not?"

Agca again: "I cannot say anything. It's very complicated."

The judge: "We know it's very complicated! We're patient! But we have to start somewhere! I didn't create this trial out of the clouds! It was your accusations that started it!"

Agca did eventually agree to name his accomplices, as he had in pretrial confessions, and, for good measure, threw in a new name: "Malenkov," whom he described as the first secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Sofia and the man who ordered the shooting of the pope and arranged for the payment of three million German deutsche marks to the Gray Wolves.

The latest accusation was met with skepticism by the judge and prosecutor and ridicule by the defense: Agca had mentioned the name in pretrial interrogations and then retracted it, saying the man never existed and he had invented the name.

AGCA'S erratic behavior has weakened the prosecution's case, but not destroyed it. There is a large body of circumstantial evidence that might have been sufficient to convince the jury of the defendants' guilt had Agca been a more credible witness. Before the trial he gave detailed and accurate descriptions of the Bulgarians' habits and tastes. He knew that Antonov collected miniature liquor bottles, liked pop music, and often bought flowers, which he put on the back seat of the car.

He knew that Todor Aivasov, indicted as one of the organizers of the assassination attempt, worked at the Bulgarian Embassy. Agca recited by heart an unlisted number of the embassy, described Aivasov's apartment, the kind of car he drove, the trouble he had with his teeth, and the fact that he carried a pocket calculator.

He guessed that Zhelyo Vasilev, indicted as the mastermind of the assassination attempt, worked in the office of the military attaché of the Bulgarian Embassy, was a heavy smoker, an expert in electronics, and wore a Japanese watch on his right wrist. And Agca knew the dates that Vasilev was in Rome—confirmed by his passport. The only mistake he made was on the heights of the two Bulgarian diplomats; Agca said Vasilev was taller, but in fact, Aivasov is. Both returned to Bulgaria before arrest warrants were issued and are being tried in absentia.

Agca knew the dates that Bekir Celenk, a Turkish Mafia boss indicted as the go-between for the Bulgarians and the Turks, stayed at the Vitosha Hotel in Sofia in the summer of 1980. Celenk, after several years in Bulgarian custody, returned in July to his native Turkey, where he faces charges of arms and drug smuggling, and possibly the death penalty. Italy has asked for his extradition, but Turkey has refused to grant it.

Agca also knew that a TIR truck—a moving van secured with a diplomatic seal that can cross international borders without being inspected—left the Bulgarian Embassy in Rome the afternoon the pope was shot. According to Agca's testimony, the truck was to have taken him and Celik out of the country.

NONE OF THIS constitutes proof that the Bulgarians ordered Agca to shoot the pope; it's possible, for example, that Agca and the Bulgarians were involved in drugs or arms smuggling and knew each other for that reason. Nonetheless, the curious fact remains that Agca built up over two and a half years a story detailed and accurate enough to convince the investigating magistrate that there was evidence to indict, and then proceeded to demolish his own story by two months of crazed testimony. Is he mad, or a calculated liar?

A few days before the trial opened, the pope received the vice president of Bulgaria to mark the feast of St. Cyril, the patron saint of Bulgaria and the inventor of the Cyrillic alphabet. In that audience, broadcast on Italian television the day the trial began, the pope referred for the first time to the trial, and said he hoped the outcome would be a happy one that did not "weigh on a Slavic country or people."

Agca, who has a television in his cell and who is permitted to read the newspapers, referred to the meeting the next week in court, when the judge was pressing him to name his Bulgarian accomplices: "The vice president of Bulgaria came. He met in the Vatican with the pope. They said we will not permit a Slavic people to be accused."

It may be that Agca interpreted the pope's comments as a signal to drop his accusations against the Bulgarians. Indeed, one of the pope's aides has told reporters privately that the pope will not press to find out who Agca's accomplices were, that the pope has pardoned Agca and will take no further action in the case. "If Agca talks, or doesn't talk, it's all the same to the pope," said Bruno Bartoloni, a Vatican reporter who has followed the case closely.

If the Vatican doesn't want Agca to talk, Agca may have reasoned, why should he? Whatever the reasons for Agca's behavior, it's clear that the prosecution must look elsewhere for evidence if it is to have any hope of winning convictions.

When the trial recessed for the summer, the prosecutor, Marini, and Judge Santiapicchi traveled to the Netherlands and West Germany to interview other witnesses. In the first week of August, the man Agca named as the fourth gunman—Kadem—was brought to Rome for an extraordinary session of the court, but he denied he had anything to do with the plot, and his testimony added little. The court interviewed another Turk, Aslan Samet, in Maastricht, Holland, who was arrested this year on May 14 in Venlo during the pope's visit to the Netherlands. Samet, who was carrying a gun believed to be part of a batch Agca bought in Vienna before the attack on the pope, denied any connection to the shooting.

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The only witness whose evidence may be significant is Yalcin Ozbey, a Turkish member of the Gray Wolves jailed in West Germany on drug charges. Ozbey is the first witness—aside from Agca—to accuse the Bulgarians of involvement in the attack on the pope, and, although his information is secondhand, the prosecutor called his testimony "a step forward of great importance."

In the second week of August, Ozbey told the judge and prosecutor in Bochum, West Germany, that there were four Turks in St. Peter's Square—Agca, Celik, a man identified only as "Akif," and an unidentified man who traveled from Holland. Ozbey said he talked to Celik and "Akif" in Stuttgart in June 1981, one month after the attack. According to Ozbey, Celik and "Akif" told him that the Bulgarian secret service had planned the attack on the pope, but then had abandoned Agca in the square. Further, he said—as Agca had said in pretrial interrogations—that he had received a telephone call from Agca and Celik from Bulgaria in August 1980.

Ozbey had given the investigating magistrate, Martella, the same information in a deposition before the indictments were handed down, but Martella had dismissed Ozbey as unreliable. In any case, Ozbey has agreed to testify before the court in Rome when the trial resumes on September 18.

If the jury too finds Ozbey unreliable, and if no new evidence comes to light, the verdict may fall in the Italian limbo between "guilty" and "innocent": "innocent for lack of evidence." The jury may convict the two Turks in Italian custody—Bagci and Celebi—who have admitted giving Agca the gun and giving him money, but virtually no evidence has been introduced in court so far implicating the Bulgarian defendants or the Turks still at large.

Whatever the verdict, there is likely to be an appeal (there is no protection against double jeopardy in Italian courts, so the prosecution can appeal if the verdict is "innocent"), and if other criminal trials in Italy are any indication, the appeals may well go on for years. As the case drags on, Judge Santiapicchi may be increasingly tempted to carry out the threat he made one day in court: "I'm getting up and leaving. This is not a normal trial."

CLARA HEMPHILL

Clara Hemphill is an assistant producer for CBS News in Rome.

How White House beauticians gave the first lady a new look.

NANCY'S TOTAL MAKEOVER

BY FRED BARNES

NANCY REAGAN doesn't hold back. During a two-hour visit to Granville, Ohio, on a cool day last July, she threw herself into the activities of the National Conference Training Teens to Say "No" to Drugs and Alcohol. It was as if her family's future were at stake. She cried. She hugged. She held hands. She chatted animatedly with dozens of teenagers. She ate a lunch of chicken, potato salad, and corn on the cob from a Styrofoam plate. (She passed up the baked beans.) At the end of a skit about peer pressure on a high school girl to take drugs, one of the actors asked, "Everybody composed here?" "Everybody but me," said Mrs. Reagan, wiping tears from her eyes.

It was boffo stuff, and also very good politics. Not that Mrs. Reagan is insincere in her barnstorming against drugs. Who doesn't oppose teenage drug abuse? But as luck would have it, she's devoted to a cause that is good for her public image. And so she emphasizes it relentlessly. Last year alone, she showed up at 110 anti-drug events and gave 14 speeches. This year President Reagan's recovery from cancer surgery didn't keep Mrs. Reagan from the Granville conference or a drug seminar aboard an aircraft carrier, the USS *America*. He insisted she go, she says.

And why not? Mrs. Reagan's crusade against drugs is a crucial part of one of the greatest political turnarounds in modern times. In fewer than three years, she was transformed from a frivolous clotheshorse and chum of the idle-rich—the least popular president's wife in decades—into a compassionate friend of the troubled young and a trusted adviser to her husband. Now she is the most popular first lady of the last seven, topping even Jacqueline Kennedy. Once a political liability, she's become a distinct asset.

This did not happen serendipitously. Some of the best political strategists the White House could muster were enlisted, including four of the president's own advisers, Michael Deaver, Stuart Spencer, Richard Wirthlin, and Joseph Canzeri. Meeting after meeting in late 1981 and early 1982 was devoted to plotting the remaking of Mrs. Reagan. "They worked out a scenario of how to turn her image around," says a senior White House official.

The idea was to minimize her contact with the fashion

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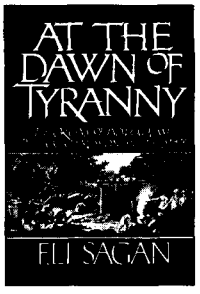

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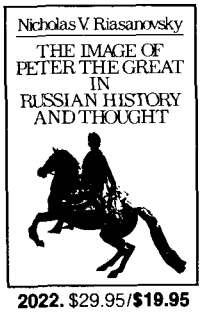

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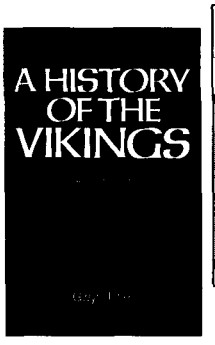

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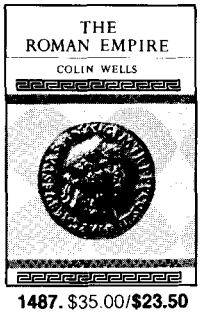

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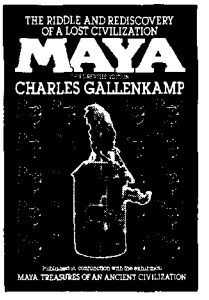

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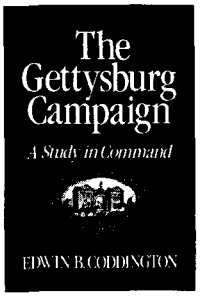

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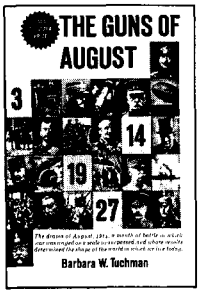

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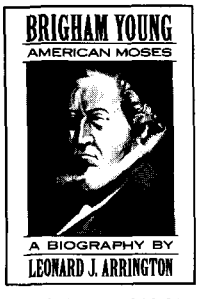

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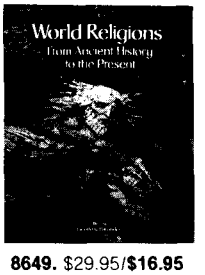

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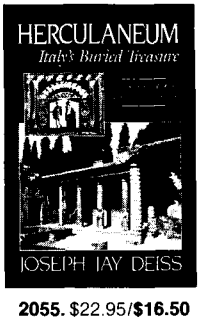

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WHO WEARS THE PANTS?

HOW much influence does Nancy Reagan have in Washington? Lots. A prime example is the case of Helene von Damm, the American ambassador to Austria. Von Damm was once President Reagan's personal secretary, then White House personnel chief. Her arrival in Vienna as U.S. envoy in 1983 was something of a homecoming: she's a native of Austria. Along the way, she alienated Mrs. Reagan, who declined to attend her swearing-in as ambassador.

Earlier this year von Damm married for the fourth time. Her husband, Peter Guertler, the owner of Vienna's Sachar Hotel, is 39, seven years younger than she is. The State Department was alarmed because von Damm had married a foreign national. Mrs. Reagan was upset too. "She was concerned about Helene's credibility with the Austrian government," said an associate of the first lady. And she was distressed about von Damm's fondness for low-cut dresses.

That might have been the end of it, except Mrs. Reagan made her displeasure known to administration officials. At one point, two sources said, she called Secretary of State George Shultz to veto the possibility of a presidential visit to Austria last spring. Sure enough, Reagan didn't go there. Von Damm recently announced her resignation as ambassador.

The von Damm episode was typical of the way Mrs. Reagan's influence works; she alone didn't get von Damm fired, but she certainly helped. Nor did she show Richard Allen and William Clark to the door when they were national security advisers. But she voiced her belief that both were damaging her husband's stature, and this hastened their departures from the White House.

Mrs. Reagan is candid about fingering aides she thinks serve the president poorly. "If there's any part that I play, I'm very aware of people who try to end-run him, have their own agendas, and are maybe less than forthright," she said in an interview.

Some aides insist that Mrs. Reagan's personnel views reflect those of Michael Deaver. Deaver sided with James Baker, White House chief of staff in Reagan's first term, to promote pragmatic policies and thwart conservatives like Clark and Edwin Meese, then counselor to Reagan.

Mrs. Reagan's concern with the president's image has policy overtones. She said her "antenna went up" during the first term when Reagan was pictured as a warmonger. "I just said he was being perceived in the wrong way," she said. Reagan's overtures toward the Soviets—particularly his scheduling of a summit meeting in November—were partly Mrs. Reagan's doing, aides said. And she tried but failed to undo the president's visit to Bitburg cemetery.

The presidential campaign unnerved the first lady for most of 1984. Her complaints prompted strategists to direct an extra one million dollars to California. William Timmons, who ran the Republican convention, was once spotted with head in hands at 8 a.m. "I've just had my fifth call from Nancy Reagan," he said. Just before the election, she bristled when a strategist told Reagan he would win overwhelmingly. "You'd better be right," Mrs. Reagan said ominously.

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world and glitzy friends, and to portray her as a serious person doing unexpected things. "Whenever people see her doing something they didn't expect, they say, 'Hey, there's more to this woman than we thought,' " says James Rosebush, Mrs. Reagan's chief of staff. In February 1982 she took a full contingent of reporters along on her first foray into combating drugs. They sat through three and a half hours of excruciating confessions of drug addiction, crime, and family breakup at a St. Petersburg, Florida, rehabilitation center. In 1983 during a trip with the president to South Korea, she whisked two children in need of heart surgery to the U.S. on Air Force One. It was not by chance that the Korean kids turned up. "We had our advance people over there looking just for that kind of situation," says SheilaTate, Mrs. Reagan's former press secretary. Last year she went horseback riding in Rock Creek Park with White House Press Secretary James Brady, still disabled by wounds suffered in the 1981 assassination attempt on Reagan. And a few months ago she took a stab at breakdancing with the Dance Theater of Harlem. "People love to see her breakdancing with kids," Rosebush says.

He also insists that "there's been no PR campaign to sell Nancy Reagan. But through the drug campaign, people have gotten to know her better." The real Mrs. Reagan, he means. Well, maybe. Some parts of her new persona are indisputably real. She's now seen as a major influence on her husband, especially on personnel matters and on dealing with the Soviets. Washington is strewn with victims of her displeasure, including two former national security advisers, Richard Allen and William Clark. And she is seen as tougher for having endured presidential crises like the assassination attempt and cancer surgery. "I don't think I've changed in what I believe in or in my fundamental values," she said in an interview. "I think I've grown. I hope I've grown. I don't know how you could be in this position and not grow. You're in the middle of history. How could you not grow?"

Grow more popular, at any rate. Mrs. Reagan is now more popular than the president. A *New York Times*/CBS News poll in January found that her approval rating was a robust 71 percent; his was a mere 62 percent. And his disapproval rating was substantially higher—29 percent for him to 14 percent for her. An NBC News poll last spring pegged her approval/disapproval ratio at nearly eight-to-one—69-to-nine percent.

But her advisers say that the most breathtaking evidence of Mrs. Reagan's repaired image comes from a polling device that Richard Wirthlin, the president's pollster, calls the "feeling thermometer." It doesn't measure approval, but how warmly or coldly one feels about a public figure. "As a rule, most organizations and individuals fall in a range of 50, 53, 54 [on a zero-to-100 percent scale]," says Wirthlin. "If you get in the 40s, that doesn't bode well. If you're in the 60s, you're doing very well." In 1981

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and 1982, Mrs. Reagan was mired in the 40s. One's standing on the thermometer rarely changes by more than two or three percentage points. Mrs. Reagan defied this. In a Wirthlin poll conducted nationally in mid-August, Mrs. Reagan scored 66 percent, the same as the president. She was well ahead of every member of the president's Cabinet. When respondents were asked what they most liked about her, the most frequent answer was that she supports the president and acts like a first lady should.

Back in 1981 and 1982, polling results like these seemed unattainable. Newspapers were filled with stories of her lavish White House redecorating, her fondness for couturier fashions, and her hobnobbing with wealthy, society-page friends like Jerry Zipkin, whom *Time* called a "full-time Manhattan partygoer." Some of her rich pals forked over $800,000 to refurbish the White House. Another $209,000 was donated to buy new china. She wore $5,000 Galanos dresses. She had three hairdressers. (She still does.)

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

"The CBS Evening News" juxtaposed a story about an impoverished widow's eviction with the first lady's acquisition of an expensive new dress. News of the purchase of china at the White House broke the same day that the Agriculture Department declared catsup a vegetable in school lunches. In a cover story in December 1981, *Newsweek* suggested that the real Mrs. Reagan was revealed when she savagely dressed down a Los Angeles hotel manager for delaying her and the president's arrival at the presidential suite to allow the prior occupant to pack up and leave.

"It was a very unpleasant period, a very rough period," says Mrs. Reagan. "The press was just part of it. Oh, gosh, there was the shooting incident and my father being ill [he died in 1982]. Everything seemed to come all at the same time. And maybe part of it was my fault. I'm certainly not advocating this because I don't think it's right, but it's my way when I'm hurt or troubled—my tendency is to pull back and be quiet. So there built up a misunderstanding. On the other hand, I think perhaps the press jumped a little too quickly without knowing me."

What to do? Mrs. Reagan and her staff—and the president's aides—were distressed over what Rosebush calls her "sagging image." The obvious step was for her to adopt a cause, as other first ladies had. Lady Bird Johnson fostered "beautification," Betty Ford plugged the Equal Rights Amendment, Rosalynn Carter pressed for better mental health treatment. Mrs. Reagan took up drug abuse, although she claims that a first lady isn't required to have a cause. "You do what you feel you want to do, what you're interested in," she says. "Bess Truman didn't [have a cause]. I think you have to be yourself. If you try to do something that really isn't you, then you're going to get in trouble."

Mrs. Reagan was keen on the anti-drug crusade well before she reached the White House. Children of two Reagan family friends, actor Ray Milland and TV personality Art Linkletter, had died of drug-related causes in the 1970s. When Sheila Tate initially talked to Mrs. Reagan in December 1980 about being her press secretary, Mrs. Reagan told her that "the thing I want to get involved in is drug abuse, particularly related to kids."

A few weeks after Reagan was inaugurated, the subject came up again. "Nobody was as keen about it as I was," says Mrs. Reagan. One of her aides dismissed it as "a Betty Ford issue." Michael Deaver, the White House aide closest to Mrs. Reagan (he became a Washington consultant last May), didn't like the idea. Neither did Tate or Ann Wrobleski, then Mrs. Reagan's projects director. They said it was depressing, a downer. Instead, they proposed that she get involved in "can-do" projects such as self-help schemes. That idea, Tate says now, was "too unfocused." Anyway, Mrs. Reagan balked.

She went ahead with a few private meetings with anti-drug leaders. "I should have fought for press coverage of those meetings," says Tate (who resigned last February). "We paid a price for not being visible when we were doing our homework." It wasn't until the fall of 1981 that the

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White House came to grips with its Nancy Reagan problem. When Peter McCoy left as chief of the first lady's staff in October 1981 to become an assistant commerce secretary, a veteran political operative, Joseph Canzeri, entered. Canzeri worked for Deaver, and he brought the first lady's staff in close touch with White House aides. Canzeri is credited with getting the anti-drug campaign off the ground.

THE ALARM with which Reagan aides viewed the first lady's lack of popularity was underscored in early 1982 when her plight was discussed at Camp David at a political strategy session. Two of them, arguing Mrs. Reagan was a hopeless liability, recommended that she be kept out of the public eye as much as possible. But Deaver and Wirthlin, insisting she could become a help, prevailed. They conferred with Mrs. Reagan privately on February 6, 1982. It was a somber meeting until Reagan walked in wearing sunglasses with windshield wipers. He'd gotten them for a birthday present.

Deaver already had asked Rosebush, who was running the ballyhooed private sector initiatives program, to take over the first lady's staff of 24. "It was kind of an aberration from my career," he says. But after two months, he agreed. By the time he arrived in February, Mrs. Reagan's anti-drug crusade was ready to go on the road. The first stop was St. Petersburg, where teenagers at a rehabilitation center had gathered with their parents to discuss drug abuse.

"I'd never heard anything like that before, ever," recalls Mrs. Reagan. "And you're just sitting there dissolved with what you're hearing. The number of drugs they'd been taking was mind-boggling, and what they would do to get them. They would steal. They would kill. They would prostitute. Anything, anything." Mrs. Reagan was not told she would be asked to speak. "I got up and managed to get out a few words, but it was hard."

Soon the first lady was appearing on television to talk about drugs. The first show was "Different Strokes," a sitcom in which she played herself. She spent a day and a half rehearsing at Universal Studios in California. Late in 1983 she cohosted "Good Morning America" on ABC. Then she narrated a two-hour PBS special called "The Chemical People." In all she's done 23 TV shows to talk about drugs.

Most of the appearances were in 1983, the year set aside in long-range planning for her to do television. In 1982, according to Rosebush, she devoted her energies to traveling to drug treatment centers. In 1984 she got involved with international service organizations like Lions and Kiwanis and Rotary, addressing their conventions to warn about the drug peril. This is the year for going international all the way, and she has many contacts overseas. "On trips of foreign dignitaries who came here, when I would be talking to their wives, the wives would always start to talk about drugs," she says. In April she invited 17 first ladies from foreign countries to a drug summit in Washington and Atlanta. (A second is scheduled for October at the United Nations.) Later last spring she preached against drugs across Europe while accompanying the president on his ten-day trip that included the Bitburg cemetery stop. In Rome she conferred with Pope John Paul II; she went without Reagan, to stress that the war on drugs is her fight, aides said.

She got far more favorable press coverage in Europe than Reagan. In Spain she took a flamenco lesson as TV crews filmed every step. Donnie Radcliffe of *The Washington Post* wrote, "As the distinctive flamenco beat filled the hall she began moving her feet from front to back and waving her hands windmill-fashion. Though doubtless hampered by the absence of castanets, her footwork showed promise and her movements were fluid."

FRIENDLY STORIES about Mrs. Reagan have become commonplace this year. In January *Time* did a cover story on "Nancy Reagan's Growing Role." It concluded that "in the last two years she has probably become an outright political plus, winning friends and influencing people." In April Lesley Stahl, usually a tough critic of the Reagan White House, did a laudatory piece on "The CBS Evening News." "Even while Mrs. Reagan's critics were accusing her of insensitivity," Stahl effused, "she was quietly devoting herself to fighting school-age drug abuse, a cause she says she embraced after raising two children in the 1960s."

The best coverage came last June, when NBC News broadcast an hour-long special on her. Mrs. Reagan and her advisers were delighted. Correspondent Chris Wallace said Mrs. Reagan was "at the peak of her power and the peak of her popularity. In the polls these days, she does even better than her husband. In Washington's corridors of power, she's a respected and feared political operative." Not bad for a former social butterfly.

The first lady's aides had every reason to be overjoyed with the show. "I worked very closely with Chris," says Rosebush. "We helped as much as we could on the concepts." NBC asked for special access to Mrs. Reagan—at Camp David, at the Reagan ranch in California, during one of her visits to her 89-year-old mother in Arizona—and got it. A TV crew was allowed to return a second time to film her mother, since she was sick on the first visit. It captured the most touching moment of the show, when Mrs. Reagan's mother is shown mouthing the words "I love you" to her. At the White House, word was sent out that aides should talk to NBC for the show. Three of the four Reagan children made themselves available for interviews—even Michael, only recently reconciled with his stepmother. What's more, the White House policy of putting Mrs. Reagan on view in unusual informal settings was once again vindicated. She was shown dancing, washing the dog, talking to then-Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko.

But perhaps the finest moment in Mrs. Reagan's image overhaul came in 1982. It was aimed at the ever-impressionable Washington press corps. In early March, a few weeks before the annual Gridiron Club dinner (at

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which reporters flatter politicians by poking fun at them), Tate asked Helen Thomas of UPI if the club might like an appearance by Nancy Reagan. "It was a very modest proposal for a cameo appearance," says Tate. "I didn't know if she would do it." Oh, yes, the Gridiron was interested.

"The first suggestion was that I make fun of the press," says Mrs. Reagan. "I said, 'No, uh, no, I'm not going to do that. If I'm going to do it, then I'm going to make fun of myself.' " She had already tried, to good effect, a touch of self-mockery a few months earlier at the Al Smith dinner in New York. "There's now a picture postcard of me as a queen," she had said. "Now, that's silly because I'd never wear a crown. It messes up your hair."

The Gridiron bit was bolder. She would mock her jet-set tastes, appearing in what she called "a crazy bag lady's outfit." A White House speechwriter, Landon Parvin, wrote a song to the tune of "Secondhand Rose." It was called "Secondhand Clothes," and it went, in part:

> Secondhand clothes
> I'm wearing secondhand clothes
> They're all the thing in spring fashion shows
> Even my new trench coat with fur collar
> Ronnie bought for ten cents on the dollar
> The china is the only thing that's new
> Even though they tell me that I'm no longer queen
> Did Ronnie have to buy me that new sewing machine?
> Secondhand clothes, secondhand clothes
> I sure hope Ed Meese sews.

Mrs. Reagan practiced for days, sneaking off to the Capital Hilton Hotel one afternoon to try out the song-and-dance routine on the dinner stage. The night of the dinner, after the president had been roasted, she slipped away from the head table. A publisher sitting near Tate muttered, "Nancy Reagan's leaving. I'll bet she's ticked." When the curtain opened and she appeared on stage, a gasp went over the crowd. Then the journalists and their guests stood and applauded.

Her exit line failed—she tossed down a china plate, which didn't shatter—but that didn't matter. Three years later, Washington reporters still talk admiringly of her performance, though most hadn't seen it. Mrs. Reagan says she was extraordinarily nervous when she went on. "I was relieved when they applauded at the end," she says. That applause is now reflected in polls. What about her surge to popularity? "Everybody likes to be liked," the first lady says with a grin.

The odd career of our new man at the United Nations.

AMERICA'S TOP MESSENGER BOY

BY MICHAEL MASSING

THE SENATE confirmation hearing last May for Vernon A. Walters, nominated to replace Jeane Kirkpatrick as ambassador to the United Nations, lasted exactly 48 minutes. Most of them were given over to flattery and deference. Democrat Joseph Biden, for one, could hardly contain himself: "I have only been here going on 13 years," he said, "and I think you are about the most fascinating guy who has ever appeared before us. . . . You are a man of extraordinarily broad range. Yours is a career that is something the novelists make up." Walters's nomination sailed through without dissent.

This was the fifth confirmation hearing in Walters's long career, and all have been equally pro forma. Vernon "Dick" Walters, now 68 years old, commands respect. He was with Harriman in Paris at the birth of the Marshall Plan, with Truman at Wake Island when he confronted MacArthur, with Nixon when his car was attacked by angry mobs in Venezuela. He smuggled Henry Kissinger in and out of Paris during his secret talks with the Chinese and North Vietnamese. And, as deputy director of the CIA from 1972 to 1976, he was one of the few Nixon appointees to emerge from Watergate with his reputation intact.

Over the last four years Walters has traveled to 108 countries in his job as ambassador-at-large for the Reagan administration. From Mengistu Haile Mariam to the pope, Walters undertook the administration's most sensitive diplomatic missions. When Roberto d'Aubuisson threatened to get out of hand in El Salvador, it was Walters who went to straighten him out. And when Fidel Castro expressed his willingness to talk with the United States, it was Walters who was dispatched to meet him.

Personally as well as professionally, Walters seems larger than life. Fluent in seven foreign languages, he has frequently been called on to translate for presidents. On visiting a foreign land, Walters has been known to arrive early and ride the buses for a day in order to pick up the

Michael Massing wrote "CBS Under Siege" in the May 6 issue of TNR. He writes frequently on foreign affairs.

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local dialect. He is a lifelong bachelor and devout Catholic who never skips Sunday Mass. His talents as a raconteur are well known, and his engaging personality has won him friends of all political persuasions.

Most remarkable of all is Walters's durability. He is now entering his fifth decade of government service. Walters always seems to surface in some capacity, be it translator, envoy, soldier, or spy. "He's indestructible," says Thomas Powers, the author of *The Man Who Kept the Secrets*, a history of the CIA. "He's been a workhorse for so many administrations. They feel free to call on him to do just about anything." Powers sees Walters as a modern-day courtier, a person whom rulers can count on to do unpleasant "housekeeping" chores in a loyal, uncomplaining manner. Richard Helms, one of Walters's bosses at the CIA, observes, "As Harriman once said, 'I may not agree with him, but he's loyal and always does as he's asked.' " He adds that Walters "is an accomplished linguist and a very bright fellow, but he's not a policymaker." Indeed, through 40 years of government service, Walters has never held a policy-making post.

As U.N. ambassador, he at last has a podium for his own views, and the world may be startled by what it hears. Vernon Walters may be a man of many tongues, but the language he speaks best is the language of the cold war.

TO UNDERSTAND Vernon Walters, there's no better place to begin than his memoirs. *Silent Missions*, published in 1978, is surely one of the most extraordinary political autobiographies ever written. Not for the insights it offers into contemporary history or world politics—there's little of that—but for the cascade of details it pours forth. Walters is by nature a garrulous man, and in these 630 pages he recounts virtually every unclassified act to have befallen him, from negotiating with Mossadegh in Iran to losing a cat in Vichy.

The great figures of postwar history parade through the book, their every gesture recorded for posterity. When Walters is laid up in the hospital, Eisenhower sends flowers and helps him get a private room. When Jacqueline Kennedy waits for a plane connection at the Rome airport, Walters is there to keep her company. A whole chapter is devoted to de Gaulle, recounting every conference and state dinner at which the two men met. We even learn of the mementos de Gaulle bestows on Walters: a cigarette case on one occasion, a lighter on another.

By far the most ubiquitous presence in the book, though, is Walters's mother, who lived with him until she died in 1964. When Walters calls on the pope, he takes his mother along. On one occasion, Laura Walters causes a crisis by sending her son's only wing collar to the laundry hours before he is due at a formal dinner. And, when Walters is transferred from Washington to a NATO job in France, he writes that "as usual I left my mother behind to do all of the actual work of moving and flew to Paris."

Vernon Walters was born in New York City in 1917. At the age of six he moved with his family to France and then Britain, where he gained proficiency in French, Spanish, Italian, and German. Returning to the U.S. as a teenager, Walters had to drop out of school to help with his father's insurance business. Years of clerkdom stretched ahead of him when World War II intervened. In the Army, Walters's language skills gained him admission to officers' school and then assignment to an intelligence unit. He eventually ended up in Italy, where General Mark Clark, impressed with his language mastery, made him his staff aide.

From there Walters's rise has a storied quality about it. In 1945 Major Walters was assigned to Brazil as assistant Army attaché. When General Marshall came for a visit, Walters translated for him. Marshall subsequently recommended him to Averell Harriman, who took him to Paris to assist in administering the Marshall Plan. When Harriman returned to Washington two years later, Walters went with him. In Washington his knowledge of languages came to the attention of Eisenhower, who took him as his translator on a 1951 tour of Europe. Throughout the 1950s he accompanied Eisenhower on all of his trips abroad. In 1960 Walters, by then a colonel, became Army attaché in Italy; two years later he was posted to Brazil.

IT WAS TO BE an eventful assignment. President João Goulart, a left-leaning populist and nationalist, seemed determined to enact far-reaching social and economic reforms. This distressed many Brazilian military officers, who by early 1964 began plotting Goulart's overthrow. Walters, who had excellent contacts within the Brazilian military, kept in close touch with the conspiring officers. So close that in the week before the coup, he wired precise details back to Washington, accurately predicting the day on which the *golpe* was to begin (March 31, 1964). The coup's leader was General Humberto Castelo Branco, a very close friend of Walters; the two had been floor-mates in Italy in World War II. Walters had lunch with the general the day after his inauguration.

All of which has led to widespread charges that Walters helped instigate the coup. "He was the linchpin, the one person all the officers would talk to while they were still afraid to talk with one another," says Jan Knippers Black, author of the book *United States Penetration of Brazil* (1977), which is highly critical of U.S. policy. Walters denies this, maintaining that he did only what his job required, which was to gather information. "What advice could an American colonel give to Brazilian generals who'd overthrown two governments in the previous five years?" he asks. "I was a well-informed observer, not a participant." He says that of the many documents from the period that have been declassified, "not one shows any participation by me."

Those same documents do show that the United States fully backed the coup and even drew up contingency

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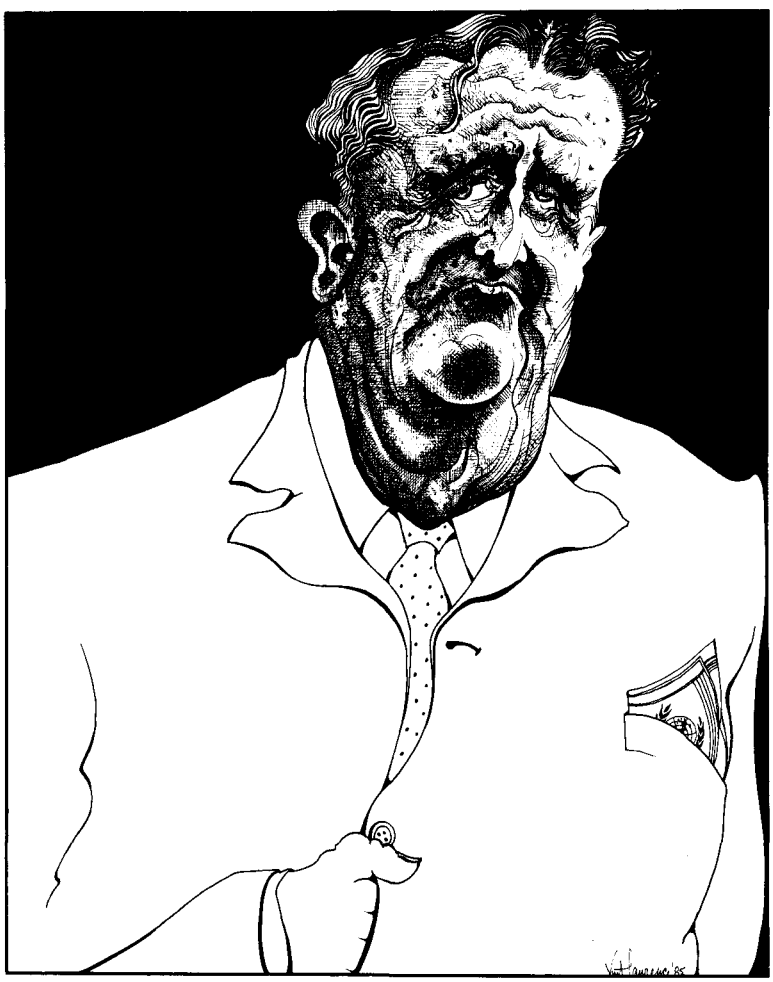
plans to intervene if necessary. In the end, whether Walters simply reported on the coup or actually helped foment it is probably a moot point. Even assuming that he exercised remarkable self-restraint and did not communicate Washington's approval of the coup, his presence was probably enough to reassure the plotters. Either way, Walters was simply carrying out U.S. government policy. Within a year of the coup, he was promoted to brigadier general.

Once the coup had succeeded, Walters did not conceal his joy. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. recalls meeting Walters at Harriman's estate soon after Goulart's overthrow. "He was so pleased with the coup," says Schlesinger. "He seemed extreme in his views of Goulart. Goulart was a sometimes radical demagogue, but Walters thought he was an agent of international communism." Even in 1978, after Brazil had undergone years of repression, Walters had only praise for the coup: "A regime basically unfriendly to the United States had been replaced by another one much more friendly. Some may regard this as bad. I do not. I am convinced that if the revolution had not occurred, Brazil would have gone the way of Cuba. . . . We would have had another Gulag archipelago."



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In 1967 Walters received a plum assignment—military attaché in Paris. But he wasn't happy. As he explains in his memoirs, it would have been "intolerable" for him "to go straight from the cocktail circuit in Rio de Janeiro to the cocktail circuit in Paris," especially with the Vietnam War in progress. So he made a detour to see that conflict firsthand. He was there only slightly more than a month, and from his own account, he seems to have spent most of his time flying in and out of battle zones—camera in hand—inspecting the damage after some fierce battle or other. For Walters, Vietnam was a "battlefield of freedom," "one of the noblest and most unselfish wars in which the United States had ever participated." Despite the brevity of his stay in Vietnam, Walters was promptly promoted to major general. Then it was off to Paris for cocktails.

After five years in France—highlighted by Henry Kissinger's 15 secret missions—Walters returned to Washington in 1972 to become deputy director of the CIA. No sooner had he been installed than Watergate began to explode. In June the FBI's investigation of the burglary threatened to expose the White House connection, and Nixon decided to enlist the CIA's help in calling off the bureau. Walters was chosen for the job because, as John Dean later told the Senate Watergate Committee, "he was a good friend of the White House and the White House had put him in as deputy director so that they might have some influence over the agency." Nixon's chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, told Walters that the FBI's probe could expose sensitive operations in Mexico and that he should instruct the bureau to back off. Walters complied. Soon after, Walters checked out the White House story and found it wasn't true. Sensing a cover-up, he refused to cooperate further with the president's men, turning down a request that the CIA post the burglars' bail. Walters won praise for his performance, and in 1973 received a CIA medal for withstanding external pressure.

Walters spent much of his time at the agency coordinating CIA liaison with foreign intelligence agencies; as part of his duties, he received more than 50 chiefs of foreign intelligence services on their visits to Washington. One of the organizations he dealt with was DINA, Chile's dreaded secret police. Walters has acknowledged that, as part of his normal liaison activities, he twice received DINA's head, Manuel Contreras, on his visits to Washington.

The connection came to light after two DINA agents assassinated Orlando Letelier, Chile's foreign minister under Salvador Allende. In the summer of 1976 Walters traveled to Paraguay to negotiate the release of a CIA agent from jail. A few weeks later two DINA agents

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bearing false passports showed up in Paraguay requesting U.S. visas. Their stated mission: to investigate Chilean exiles living in the U.S. The agents said they intended to contact Walters once they arrived in Washington. The U.S. ambassador in Paraguay sent Walters a cable inquiring about the mission. Walters, who had just retired from the agency, replied that he knew nothing about the Chileans and had no desire to see them. The visas were denied. But the DINA agents managed to enter the U.S. by other means and, in September 1976, they successfully carried out their real mission—the murder of Letelier.

THE TIMING of Walters's visit to Paraguay, plus the DINA agents' use of his name, has raised suspicions, especially among former associates of Letelier in Washington, that Walters knew in advance about the DINA mission. Walters dismisses such charges. He notes that he met with FBI agents about the case and offered to take a lie-detector test. He also met with the prosecutor in the case, Assistant U.S. Attorney Eugene Propper. "He had all the CIA records, all the files," says Walters. "Why didn't he call me to testify?" Propper, now in private practice in Washington, backs up Walters's account: "Walters had no connection to any of this. He was already out of the agency."

Walters got a chance to comment on the assassination in 1981 during a congressional hearing on Chile. Letelier, he asserted, had been receiving money from the Cuban intelligence service. Asked if Letelier had thus posed a threat to Chile, Walters replied, "Well, I really can't say. I think whoever did it thought so. You know, it was like Talleyrand's remark to Napoleon after the murder of the Duke of Enghien, whom Napoleon had kidnapped in Germany. . . . He had brought him to Paris and he shot him in the moat of the Castle of Vincennes. And Talleyrand, who was an absolutely unscrupulous rascal and a very wise man, was pouting and Napoleon said, 'Mr. Talleyrand, you think it was a crime, don't you?' And Talleyrand said, 'No, Your Majesty, it was worse. It was a mistake.' I think if there was ever a mistake, it was the killing of Orlando Letelier." The remark is vintage Walters, in both its use of anecdote and its refusal to pass moral judgment on an authoritarian ally, in this case Pinochet's Chile.

After his retirement from the CIA in 1976, Walters moved to Palm Beach, Florida. But he returned to Washington after Ronald Reagan's victory to serve as ambassador-at-large. Walters's connections and stature made him, in many respects, a superb emissary. Leaders on the left knew that when Walters came calling, they had better listen. And leaders on the right were more willing to hear out a former lieutenant general than an effete foreign service type. Thus, Roberto d'Aubuisson seems to have gotten the message when Walters warned him not to knock off the U.S. ambassador to El Salvador. And when U.S. relations with Spain became strained, Walters was sent to meet with Socialist premier Felipe Gonzalez and relieve the tension. Walters, says one State Department admirer, is "a master diplomat."

Perhaps nowhere did Walters's skills prove more useful than in approaching the Latin American military governments that had become pariahs under Jimmy Carter. Walters undertook frequent goodwill missions to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Uruguay. One of his objectives was to help lift the arms embargoes that the U.S. under Carter had imposed on the region's prime human rights offenders. In March 1981, for instance, Walters told a House subcommittee of his opposition to sanctions against Chile. As usual, Walters appealed to history to make his case: "I was a very young man when Italy invaded Ethiopia and the whole world banded together to apply sanctions to Italy. They had no effect. I know of no case where sanctions of any kind have ever influenced a government other than to rally the people around the government even though the government may have been unpopular at the time." (This stand did not keep Walters from publicly endorsing the U.S. trade embargo against Nicaragua in a press conference last May.)

GUATEMALA WAS another frequent destination. In 1981 the regime of General Romeo Lucas Garcia was generally regarded as the most repressive in the hemisphere. From the start of Lucas's presidency in 1978, thousands of Guatemalans had been killed by the security forces; an estimated 400 people were slaughtered in January 1981 alone. Nonetheless, Walters visited Lucas three times to express the administration's desire to restore military aid. Privately, Walters told Lucas that a resumption of assistance would require some improvement in his government's human rights record.

Publicly Walters held a rare press conference in May 1981 in Guatemala City. Speaking in Spanish, he told reporters that the United States wanted to help the Lucas government defend "peace and liberty" and "the constitutional institutions of this country against the ideologies that want to finish off those institutions." Noting that it was "not difficult to see which are our friends and which are not," Walters promised that Washington would "stay by the side of our allies." When asked about reports of extensive political killings in the country, Walters replied dismissively, "There will be human rights problems in the year 3000 with the governments of Mars and the moon. There are some problems that are never resolved."

Ambassador-at-large Walters was a regular visitor to Africa as well. In northern Africa, Walters worked to isolate Libya and to strengthen the administration's ties with the region's pro-Western regimes—Nimeiry's Sudan, Bourguiba's Tunisia, and especially Hassan's Morocco. Walters had known King Hassan since World War II, when he gave the 13-year-old prince a ride in an American tank. Hassan is one of Washington's few friends in the Arab world, and Walters frequently visited Rabat in an effort to keep it that way. He also traveled to Algeria, seeking to draw that traditionally

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left-leaning country into the Western camp.

In southern Africa, Walters served as traveling salesman for the administration's "constructive engagement" policy. He visited virtually all of the black "Front Line" states, attempting to convince them to negotiate with South Africa. Two visits he made to Angola in the summer of 1982 throw some light on Walters's operating style. At first glance, he might seem an odd choice for such a mission. After all, according to John Stockwell, a former CIA employee who broke with the agency and wrote an account of the Angola campaign, *In Search of Enemies*, Walters had tried to enlist Brazilian and French help in the CIA's unsuccessful effort in 1975 to install a pro-Western government in Angola.

But Walters speaks Portuguese and knows the region, and he was sent to talk with President Jose Eduardo dos Santos and other high officials. His objective was to convince Angola to enter a dialogue with South Africa. Despite Walters's background, the Angolans were impressed with his affability and fluency, according to Gerald Bender, an Angola expert at the University of Southern California who briefed Walters before his meeting with dos Santos. Bender recalls that during Walters's stay, he handed out chocolate bars to everyone in sight.

There was only one problem: shortly after he left, the South Africans bombed an Angolan town. Within weeks, they began their annual summer offensive. The Angolans were livid, and Walters was never sent back to talk with them. "The South Africans left Walters without any credibility," says Bender. Did Walters know about the South Africans' intentions? Bender doubts it. "Quite probably the South Africans pulled the rug out from under him. He acted strictly as a messenger boy. He presented what he came with."

AS AMBASSADOR to the United Nations, too, Vernon Walters can be trusted to carry out the secretary of state's instructions. His reputation for loyalty surely helped him get the post. George Shultz, who became dyspeptic whenever Jeane Kirkpatrick strayed from the reservation, should enjoy much better digestion with Walters. Still, the U.N. post requires a great deal of spontaneous debate, and the world will no doubt have the opportunity to hear Walters unbound.

Politically, Walters describes himself as "right of center—midway between Lowell Weicker and Jesse Helms." He becomes indignant whenever anyone questions the Reagan administration's commitment to human rights: "One of my principal purposes has been to remind people all over the world about our attitude to human rights. . . . When I think of the number of trips I've made on human rights matters, and then hear the Reagan administration accused of callousness, it makes me angry." In Africa, in fact, Walters has helped spring prisoners from the jails of regimes of the left and right.

Frequently, however, Walters's pronouncements sound distinctly Helmsian. The world of *Silent Missions* is full of fanatical communists incessantly scheming to enslave the free world. In discussing the events of May 1968 in France, Walters saw parallels to Czechoslovakia, "where the population had gone to sleep in a democracy and had awakened in a Communist state." The Dominican Republic in 1965 faced "a brutal Communist takeover," and the U.S.-led invasion enabled the country "to find its way to stable, orderly democratic government again." More generally, Walters remarked that "the Latin American military are a stabilizing force and a block to the ambitions of the Communists." This in 1978, when Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay were locked in the vise of military dictatorships.

TODAY, Walters maintains that Augusto Pinochet's regime "is unquestionably the legitimate government of Chile"; his last election, in 1980, was "fair and legitimate." He does add "that doesn't mean I approve of what he's doing." He has nothing but praise for Zairian president Mobutu Sese Seko, whom Walters considers a good friend (he attended Mobutu's most recent inauguration in December), and who, he says, "has held his country together. That's no small achievement."

I asked Walters about Guatemala. "This country has not solved its human rights problem," he said. "Its government hasn't solved a lot of problems—schooling, housing, hunger, human rights. Every government has to face these things." Recalling his conversations with Lucas Garcia, he said, "I told him there was no chance he would get aid while he was killing bystanders, killing college professors and labor leaders. He didn't comply." So was the "quiet diplomacy" favored by the administration effective? "In the long run, yes," said Walters. "The Guatemalan military realized it wouldn't get anywhere by killing people. The military is beginning to understand. They're not killing as many people as they did before." (In July *The New York Times* reported that "Guatemala appears to still have the worst incidence of human rights violations in Central America." It quoted the archbishop of Guatemala as saying that "the Army kills many people [including] children.")

Delegates to the United Nations will find in Vernon Walters the embodiment of a great American paradox. On one hand, Walters is a gregarious, earnest, kindhearted man. His image of America was fixed in World War II, when GIs handed out chocolates to war-stricken Europeans. Walters fervently believes in the principle of freedom and will travel anywhere, anytime, to argue on its behalf. In a sense, Walters represents the sense of decency and fair play that lies at the core of the American character. But he also reflects a less attractive side of the national character. This America so fiercely opposes communism that it seems forever ready to reinforce the status quo. It proclaims its support for nationalism and self-determination so loudly that it feels free to intervene in order to preserve them. In the name of freedom, this America makes common cause with dictators and despots. It is an unfortunate message to send to the world. □

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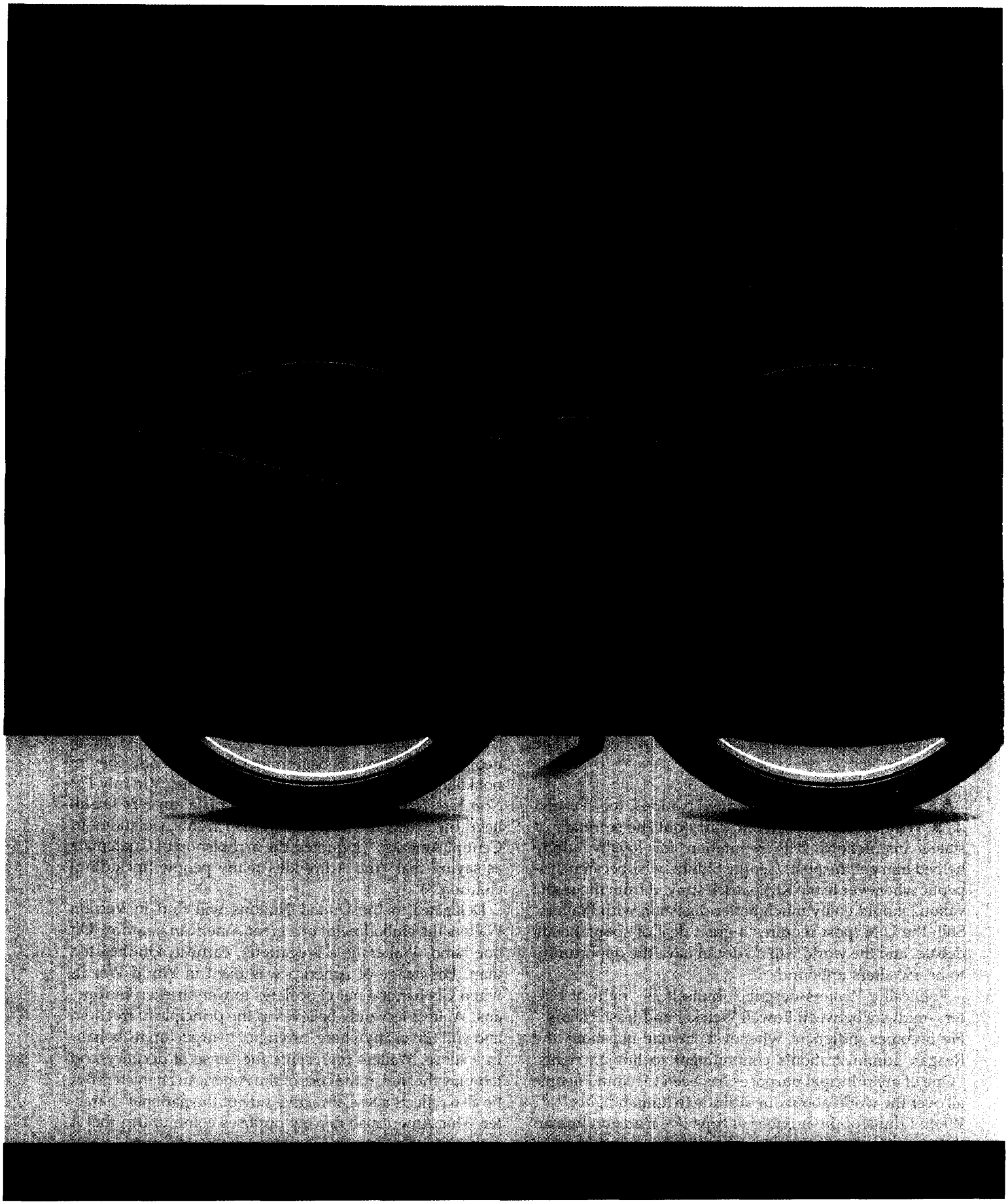

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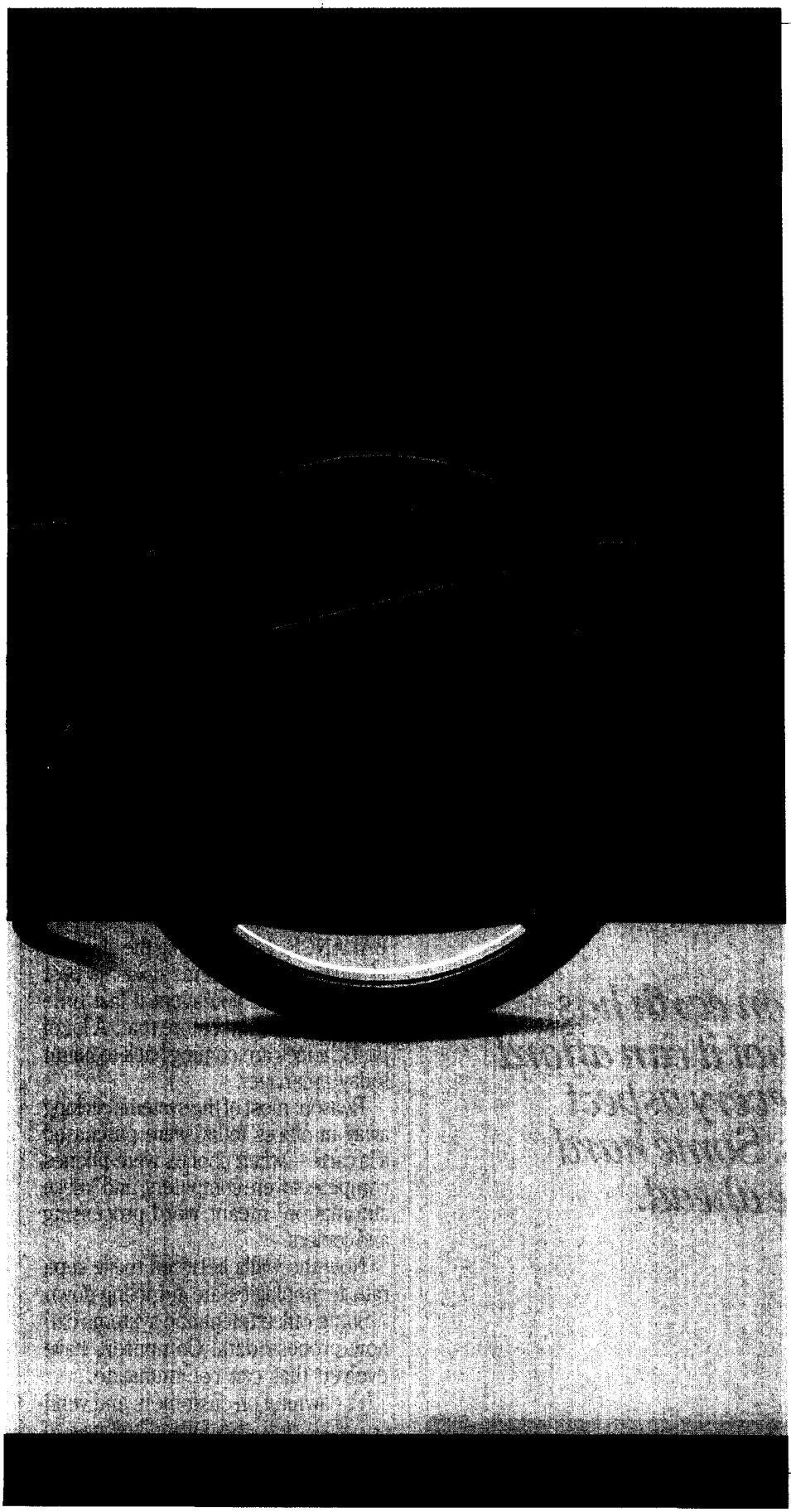

OFFICE AUTOMATION: HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?

Sometime last year American business crossed a technological Rubicon. For the first time in our history, capital investment per office worker exceeded that per factory hand.

Like it or not, information has finally surpassed material goods as our basic resource.

Walter Wriston, ex-Citicorp chief, likens information to a new form of capital, one that is arguably "more critical to the future of the American economy than money capital."

Every day brings news of faster, smaller, more capable devices to serve the 70% of us who now work with this new form of capital.

But while the trend spotters on

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their mountaintops cheer this "Second Industrial Revolution," the view from the front lines is not so rosy.

Too often, new devices are an uneasy fit with their sister machines of just a year ago. Too often, systems intended to simplify office life have the opposite effect. Grouses one manager: "The more business machines we buy, the more we seem to need."

Change is rampant. The stakes are high. Confusion is king.

◇

RASCALS. The best way to make sense of all this technology may be to ignore the whole business for a week or so and think about how your office works instead.

Who uses what kind of information? Where does it come from? What do they do with it?

No company on earth has pockets so deep that it can afford to automate every aspect of its business. Some hard choices lie ahead.

Item: In a typical office, 75% of the salary dollars go to managers and professionals. The system that spares these expensive rascals from a morning meeting or an hour of returning phone calls may be a better investment than one that does a whole day's work for someone else.

Item: The lion's share of time spent in any office is spent *communicating:* listening, talking, chasing down stray facts, dealing with mail.

Were you to keep a log, you'd be appalled by how little time you have for actually producing "work." (Par for senior executives: about 15%.)

To leverage time, look for ways to *move* information more efficiently.

A desktop computer can perform in minutes the spreadsheet analyses that used to gobble hours. But how much is gained if the figures still walk from office to office in a mail cart?

Item: Streamlining the internal workings of your office may be less profitable than automating ties with customers or suppliers.

Japanese style "just in time" deliveries from suppliers are helping U.S. automakers slash inventory costs. Computerized flight information systems have given some airlines a strategic advantage with travel agents.

No company succeeds alone.

◇

BALANCE. Complicating the question of where your systems dollar is best spent is where you spent it last time out. And the time before that. A lot of past choices are coming back to haunt today's manager.

Reason: most of the systems clicking away in offices today were purchased a la carte – when phones were phones, computers were computers, and "office automation" meant word processing and copiers.

Now the walls between these separate technologies are tumbling down.

Some office telephone systems can now process data. Computers have evolved that can communicate.

It's dawning on customers and vendors alike that the future belongs to

No company on earth has pockets so deep that it can afford to automate every aspect of its business. Some hard choices lie ahead.

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Today's customer must strike a balance between making the most of what's on hand and fighting like crazy to keep next year's options open.

the *integrated* business system.

Today's customer must strike a balance between making the most of what's on hand and fighting like crazy to keep next year's options open.

◇

MISSING LINKS. Between today's a la carte systems and the office-wide, integrated everything of tomorrow is . . . what?

For many companies, the missing links are *networks.* By permitting different kinds of computers and other devices to share information, networks can pull today's stand-alone business machines into organized "islands" of automation.

Since these islands themselves can be networked together, users can widen the scope of automation in an organization pretty much at will.

Some companies have the backbone of an *office-wide* network already in place. Today's digital telephone switching systems (PBXs) convert speech into the same "bits" and "bytes" that computers use.

This means that many an existing telephone network can double as a highway for business data — and that "office automation" need have no geographic limits.

A plug for the home team: Every vendor does some things better than the other guys. While communications and data networks are drawing-board doodles in some shops, they are bread and butter items at AT&T.

It may be AT&T's greatest strength that we can integrate new and existing systems whether we provide *all* of those systems, or *some* of those systems, or the bridges between them.

◇

SUCCESS. Like the first Industrial Revolution, this one will lift some companies and confound others.

Those without a coherent plan to manage information in *all* its forms — the spoken word, thoughts on paper, images, and computer data — will be at a disadvantage.

In the long run, your success with office automation will have less to do with whose machines you buy — or how many — than with how freely information travels among them. It is the relationships you set up *between* the machines, not the devices themselves, that will tell the tale.

P.S. Much of this message was drawn from *The Integration Puzzle,* a two-day seminar offered by AT&T's Institute for Communications and Information Management. For further information or for a catalogue of AT&T Seminars in eight cities, please telephone 1 800 247-1212.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Loose Again

Who will write the book about *Year of the Dragon*? Michael Cimino's previous film, *Heaven's Gate*, is the subject of *Final Cut*, a recent book by Steven Bach, former production chief of United Artists, the company that was sunk by the immense flop of that film. *Year of the Dragon*, expensive though it surely must have been, may not ruin its distributors, the company that bought United Artists; may not ruin its producer, Dino de Laurentiis; but it's such a sleazy story, with such ridiculous/offensive dialogue, with such a fusillade of febrile climaxes, that its career may prompt a literary sequel.

Year of the Dragon
(MGM/UA)

Much of *Final Cut* seemed to me déjà vu: I felt that, with other names and sums, I had read material like this many times before. One aspect was unique. Trouble was evident very early, and nothing was done about it. Says Bach:

> . . . In the first six days of shooting on *Heaven's Gate* Michael Cimino had fallen five days behind. He had shot almost 60,000 feet of film and had approximately a minute and a half of usable material, which had cost roughly $900,000 to expose. . . . No one as yet could estimate how much beyond [the budget of] $15 million the picture would go at the present rate.

Yet they kept going! The passage made me think of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It's generally thought that the tower was built, then it leaned. But at least some people believe that it began to lean shortly after construction started and that the builders continued.

I don't know what the expense sheets looked like after six days' shooting on *Year of the Dragon* or how they compared with original budget estimates; but, even before that, hadn't anyone read the script? De Laurentiis and the executive producer, Fred Caruso, whatever their own powers, must at least have a friend or two who can read.

That script, adapted by Cimino and Oliver Stone from a novel by Robert Daley, is like a two-hour special of *Miami Vice* or *Hill Street Blues*, or any of that family, transferred to New York's Chinatown and environs, and padded to run another 15 or 20 minutes. It's upholstered with some foreign travel, with some nudity and sex and a lot of rough language, but it's basically an ultrafamiliar TV police yarn that was not fresh when TV was invented. The bet, I assume, was that pubic hair and raunchy talk would take it out of the TV stratum into high cinema orbit; but they only emphasize the overall strain to make it seem more profound than TV.

A new captain is assigned to the Chinatown police precinct, and he says he's going to clean up the crime—drugs and drug murders, extortions, briberies, and slave labor—that infests the area. He goes up against the Chinese mafia (the clans are called triads), police department politics, and various other obstacles with all the assurance of a newcomer to police fiction, let alone police reality. Yet he has been a cop for 15 years and is the most decorated man on the force.

His name is Stanley White. (A technical police consultant on the film is also named Stanley White. No claim is made that the film is biographical.) White's name is shortened from a Polish name, he says, so this apparently licenses him to call himself a Polack; and because he has a Chinese-American lover—a woman TV newscaster—he can say Chink. (Cracks at Italians are licensed by the names of the director and producers.) Besides the racial slurring, which is relished as a screen liberation, there is an incessant barrage of obscenity. Nowadays it's supposedly retrograde to object to that language. Well, I object to it. Verisimilitude is not the question. (The other day I had lunch at a cafeteria table next to two policemen, and the talk was as blue as the tunics.) But the drenching of film dialogue with obscenity has become a nearly sure sign of desperation: the thinner the script, the more sulfurous the talk. And are there really many well-bred young women who, in a lovers' quarrel, completely disregard being called a "cunt"?

On one hand, the film is crammed with cliché. On the other, it's crammed with incredible novelty. Cliché: the picture starts with a Chinese New Year's Day celebration, putting such emphasis on the firecrackers that we know the parade is going to be used as cover for a killing. White has marital troubles—he neglects his wife for his job—of so cinematically stale a kind that we wonder how the actors can find the steam to speak the lines. Analogously stale are the quarrels in the police commissioner's office. Sometimes the very words themselves are so trite that we almost gasp. During a lovers' quarrel: "Give you an inch and you take a mile."

Incredible novelty: The suave young boss of the Chinatown mafia makes a trip to Thailand and presents the chief of the heroin source with the head of a mafia rival. (I mean, Sam Peckinpah

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Adventures of Mark Twain. Animated—in Claymation, clay figures with incredibly refined facial expressions. Mark Twain takes Tom and Huck and Becky Thatcher aloft in his airship for new exploits and old yarns. For children and their friends. (Reviewed 9/9/85)

Dim Sum. Irresistible Chinese-Americans of San Francisco. Direction overly arty, story quite common, but the people are very taking. (8/26/85)

The Home and the World. Satyajit Ray's film of Tagore's novel, about change in East Bengal 1907. Generally quiet but lives in the memory. (7/8/85)

Wetherby. David Hare writes and directs a moral-spiritual drama comparable with minor Bergman. Vanessa Redgrave, incomparable, stars. Yorkshire, very much today. (8/12&19/85)

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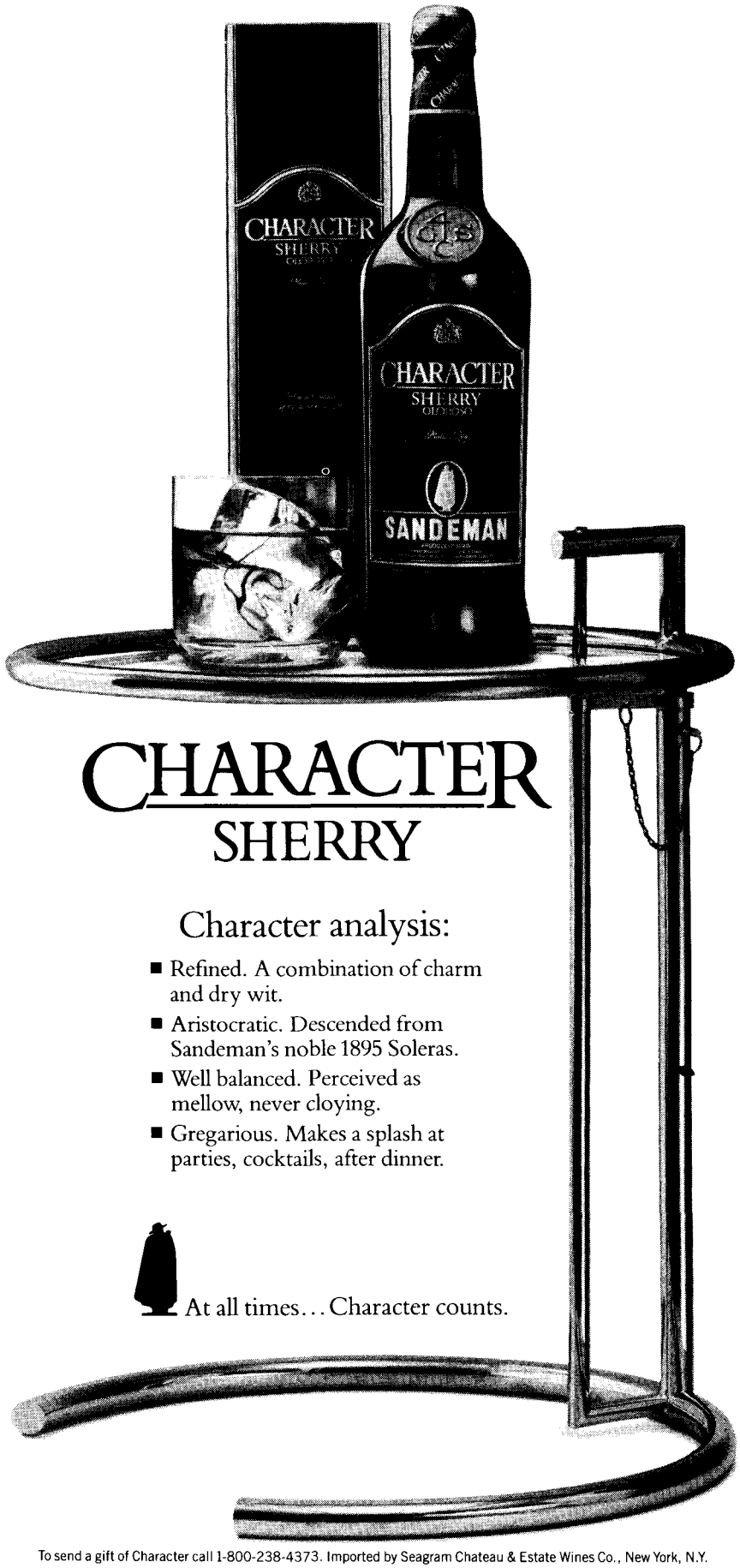
fans, the *head*.) A Chinese gun moll, fleeing the cops, runs into the middle of the street and is buffeted on one side, then the other, by passing cabs. Forget the fact that no street in Chinatown has two-way traffic: Wouldn't at least one of the drivers have stopped? The woman newscaster is angry at White when he comes to the studio; she doesn't want to speak to him. Why is she angry? Because she is involved with him, three Chinese men broke into her apartment the day before and raped her. Well, say, that would make any woman angry. The final shoot-out between White and the mafia boss—just a ton or two too heavily an update of a Western finish—ends with White's victory, after which he hands his gun to the supine boss, risking his own life, so that the Chinese can commit suicide. (A suggestion here of *Yojimbo* gallantry. Can White have seen that film?)

Loose ends dangle in both plot and theme. Plot: an elderly Chinese forces his way into a Polish funeral, kneels at the coffin, and crosses himself. Who was he? A white man suddenly appears in the mafia boss's retinue to warn him that his office is bugged. Who was that white man? Theme: White blasts loudly at U.S. corruption by TV; the subject is then dropped. Vietnam bitterness—whether pro or anti *Rambo* is not quite clear—is randomly raised and also dropped. (White is a Vietnam veteran.) The need to understand Chinese cultural complexities—White has an armful of books at the start—is raised, too, and dropped for the usual fists-and-firearms formula.

In short, which is the wrong term for a picture that runs over two hours, *Year of the Dragon* is a mess. The few fibers that hold it together are provided by some of the cast. Mickey Rourke plays White, and though he is not the new James Cagney that apparently some think him, he has splashes of street sex appeal and guts. Caroline Kava, familiar in the theater, gives a finely tuned performance in the trite role of his neglected wife. Another theater figure, gifted as actor and director, is the Chinese-American John Lone, coolly graceful as the mafia (triad) boss. Victor Wong, who has worked with Lone off-Broadway (and who was the lovable saloon owner in *Dim Sum*), is effectively present as a member of the crime council. On the other hand, Ariane, a slender young Chinese-American woman who plays the TV newscaster, is a slen-



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der young Chinese-American woman.

Cimino has a vivid sense of swirl and motion: he knows how to move a camera, and he knows how to move actors within the frame. He also has quite evident ability to win the confidence of actors, to open them up. He is so good at these matters that his besetting flaw comes as a continual shock: he has no sense of proportion. He doesn't know when dialogue gets ludicrous. (A rookie Chinese-American cop interrupts objections to an assignment with a long, canned history of his people.) He doesn't know when logic is breached. (The hip TV newscaster sees a villainously smiling Chinese in her lobby, yet she goes straight on up to her apartment.) He doesn't know when quarrels, fights, or films themselves go on much too long. *Year of the Dragon* is flabby and invertebrate.

So was *Heaven's Gate*; and so, two years before it, was *The Deer Hunter*. Risking the "I told you so" tag, I point out that Cimino's faults have been patent for some time: I wrote of *The Deer Hunter* (TNR, December 23&30, 1978): "So many of the elements are so good that it all adds up to a pity. Someone, or more than one—writer or producers or director or editor or all—fogged up about why this picture was being made and whether it was on the rails." The most interesting element in Cimino, more interesting than his gifts, is the mystery of how he mesmerizes people into financing his defects. *Final Cut* explored this mystery but didn't solve it. Maybe the next book will.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

A Bottomless Dream

It could be argued that productions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (like those of *Hamlet*) help to define a decade, or at least to reflect its styles and issues. The all-white environment of Peter Brooks's *Dream*—where Athens became a freestyle gymnasium, lovers wooed on swings, and rustics behaved like working-class pub stiffs—characterized the playful side of England in the late 1960s. Alvin Epstein's *Dream*, with its Purcell score, Utrillo battle paintings, and a dangerous wooden scoop peopled with reptilian spirits, reflected the radical contentions of the early American 1970s. And now Liviu Ciulei's *Dream* at the Minneapolis Guthrie Theater suggests the feminist revisionism of the middle 1980s.

Perhaps because our current decade has not yet fully declared itself, Ciulei's production lacks the conceptual overview of its predecessors, but in freshness of approach and layered detail, not to mention a freedom from traditional ethereal delicacy, it is certainly their equal in every other respect. Enclosed within Beni Montresor's shiny red vinyl setting furbished with two central doors that open, at one point, to reveal a large cutout moon, this *Dream* begins with a black Hippolyta, as spiky as her insolent brush hair, being forcibly divested of black cotton battle fatigues, which are then incinerated on a brazier of coals. Her conqueror Theseus, wearing a long Victorian motoring coat, has not so much gained a bride as captured a sullen war prisoner, one who resists being assimilated in the white robes of the Athenian court. Power and subjugation are the major issues, and black, red, and white the primary colors—shades that suggest the bold strong choices of the production.

The interpretation makes jumps in style and time. But however contemporary in feeling, the environment is too generalized to live in any particular period. The rustics rehearse their play wearing derbies, caps, and academic gowns, as if the Supreme Court were preparing to enact *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Puck is a punk street kid, her arrogant fingers pulling at the armholes of her leather vest as she argues with the First Fairy, a lisping poof mincing about with a flower in his ear. Enveloped in a black cape, Oberon, the black husband of another racially mixed couple, engages in a power struggle with Titania, also dressed in black, though her fairy retinue wears white. Lysander and Demetrius fight with switchblades. Helena and Hermia, those two combative Shakespearean heroines, are even tougher, more contentious than in most recent productions, with no trace whatever of Elizabethan modesty. (Helena tells us women "were not made to woo," then makes a serious attempt to seduce Demetrius.)

THE mechanicals—I've seen them played more deftly and amusingly, but rarely more good-naturedly—share an oafish fraternity similar to that of De Niro's chums in *The Deer Hunter*, enjoying the same rough male bonding. Flute is a half-pint wiseacre, Quince an Arnald Stang intellectual, Bottom a vain self-satisfied stand-up comic with a passion for one-liners. It is Bottom's humor, in fact, that appeals most to Titania after—almost suffocated by Cupid's flower (it gives Puck hay fever)—she falls for his asinine appeal. His every word reduces her to helpless laughter, and when he trades quips with her fairies, she rolls on the bower shrieking hysterically and pounding her fists on the floor.

But Ciulei's emphasis is mostly on "the fierce vexation" of this dream, its aches, its sorrows, its furies. The first encounter of Oberon and Titania is a ferocious marital spat (over a long dinner table) that gets so heated that Titania knocks over a decanter of wine. The same table is finally the scene of reconciliation, but not before Theseus and Hippolyta sit there to watch the play-within-the-play, and Puck, stealing wine, spills the same decanter. The domestication of the strife between the two matched couples not only makes their arguments parallel and immediate but also suggests that nothing is won when sexual mastery is at stake. Oberon achieves his original goal—the possession of the changeling boy—but it is a victory without satisfaction, just as Theseus's conquest of Hippolyta is unlikely to prove the basis for a very serene marriage.

As a result, the pervasive tone of Ciulei's *Dream* is not one of joy or enchantment, but rather of disappointment, a mood enhanced by the use throughout of Philip Glass's "Music in Twelve Parts," with its hypnotic repetitions and mournful Hebraic saxophone figures. High spirits are almost always followed by melancholy reflections. Oberon is not pleased when Puck tells him "my mistress with a monster is in love"—the "sweet sight" of Bottom and Titania entwined in each other's arms grips him with wretchedness and self-

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hatred. When Titania, released from enchantment, sees the ass she's been embracing, she is possessed by a morbid state of grief, broken by the experience. (The same fine actress, playing Elmire in Pintilie's *Tartuffe* at the same theater, experienced the same psychic deterioration after her husband, Orgon, forced her to embrace another man.) Oberon comforts Titania, as he in turn is comforted by Puck, but the wounds don't heal. Nor do Helena and Hermia easily forgive Lysander and Demetrius for the ordeals they have been made to suffer; and Hippolyta, though she finally offers Theseus her hand at the end of the play, is hardly going to prove a pliant wife. As for Puck, that "merry wanderer of the night," she is sometimes in such a deep state of depression she almost seems a candidate for lithium treatments. Even Bottom has a depressed moment when he reflects on his transformation—before waving off the whole experience with a dismissive "Nahhh."

The *Pyramus and Thisbe* sequence—played by the rustics in cutaway coats and bow ties—evokes the customary laughs with Flute's Thisbe (as usual) running off with the show. But even this raucous episode ends on a dying fall: the clowns return to dance the Bergamask before an empty house, the entire audience having disappeared. It is the moods, in fact, that change in this production rather than the settings. Possibly cued by Oberon's reference to "the eastern gate, all fiery red," the whole show is played against that same striking Chinese-red surround, occasionally decorated with broken designer's mannequins representing the court or rolling transparent silks representing the forest, while Titania's bower (and Bottom's stage) is a square of glass and steel that rises and descends on cables.

THIS IS Ciulei's final production at the Guthrie, which is a shame for many reasons, not the least being that he has now assembled a strong young permanent company. Harriet Harris is a passionate and tempestuous Titania with a rich emotional voice that seems to come from deep inside her roots. Lynn Chausow plays Puck like a sardonic tomboy with a duck waddle, bored by her job, laid-back and rebellious, her head a punching bag for Oberon to bang against the bower whenever he gets angry. The lovers—Katherine Leask, David Pierce, Brian Hargrove, and Kathryn Dowling—are strongly individualized and energetic. Peter Francis-James's debonair Oberon is thickly textured. And while I was not entirely charmed by Jay Patterson's somewhat oily Bottom, he was the spirited leader of an appealing group of rude mechanicals, distinguished by John Madden Towey's wily Flute.

People may dispute this production, but not its air of confidence. Ciulei and his actors have freshly rethought every line of dialogue, every line of action. Don't expect a definitive version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; there is no such thing. Ciulei's layered work reminds us that the play, like Bottom's dream, is bottomless, that there are many ways to interpret great art. Still, however enjoyable, something was missing from the evening. Perhaps it was what I mentioned earlier, a unifying metaphor. One remembers details of interpretation rather than general concepts, specific meanings instead of universal themes. Brooks's *Dream* was about acrobatic vitality and high spirits, Epstein's about music and conflict. Ciulei's *Dream*—for all its scenes of sexual strife, for all its racial and feminist overtones—is largely about . . . red.

I guess I'm saying that this beautiful contemporary production doesn't always transcend its concrete referential function to create a fuller meaning. Updated classical productions are usually built on the prose principle of simile: *Julius Caesar* reminds us of Mussolini's Rome, so is set in Fascist Italy; *All's Well That Ends Well* suggests Freud's Vienna, so is placed in 19th-century Austria. More poetic classical productions function like metaphors, reverberating in a manner similar to nondiscursive poems. I prefer the latter, and Ciulei's *Dream*— both in and out of time, specific in style and general in setting—falls somewhere in between.

THE POLITICS OF HIP

Uncovering the Sixties: The Life and Times of the Underground Press by Abe Peck

(Pantheon, 364 pp., $12.95 paper)

There are two kinds of social radicalism in America, the conventional and the hip, and these two varieties understand each other not at all. Conventional radicals are practical, or mean to be. They do as the old-time populists and Socialists used to do—they organize the oppressed, they run for office, and generally they engage in sensible agitations. Hip radicals are metaphysical. They resemble certain of the movements that sprang up around Boston in the 1840s, and they engage in the sort of thing you see described in Emerson and Hawthorne—the cultivation of eccentricity, whim, and Asia, the building of utopias, the campaigns against unhealthy diets, or against professors, or against shaving. Hip activities leave conventional radicals shaking their heads. Don't these people care about practical social progress, the conventionals want to know. In fact hip radicals don't especially care. They're more interested in peering over the screen of everyday reality to the new world or giant new reformation that lies beyond. They're interested in expanding the public imagination. They want to criticize, arouse, and provoke; they leave popularity and success to their conventional comrades. Perhaps their true métier stands closer to theater or art than to politics as usually understood.

The radical upsurge of "the sixties"—1963-1972—managed to be hip and conventional both, sometimes at the same moment, occasionally in the same person, which led to general confusion. The conventional part is easily defined in terms of issues. But the hip part—the part whose press Abe Peck describes in his book—is elusive. One must speak of attitude, or of attitudes. There was a bit of lofty mystic mellowness, often Buddhist, often utopian, usually antipolitical, not very far from the old transcendentalists. Gary Snyder's doctrine of

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"Buddhist anarchism" was typical.

There was also a bit of derisive levity, a tone of braggadocio and provocation, as in Ed Sanders's *Fuck You: A Magazine of the Arts*. This attitude derived from a brand of low, railing, generally Jewish humor. Somehow these attitudes, lofty transcendentalism and Bronx wisecracking, came together to form a single, cosmic-comic frame of mind. It's hard, in retrospect, to see how this could have happened. Needless to say most people at the time never could make sense of it. But such was the hip mentality in the 1960s, and anyone who persists in not grasping it will never quite understand what happened in those years.

AN EXAMPLE is the joke about drugs, which was a perfect mania in the hip, or "freak," wing of the movement. Peck reminds us that by the late 1960s freak groups were publishing hundreds of newspapers around the country, and at times the entire staffs of those papers were incapable of drawing a straight line. Allen Cohen's San Francisco *Oracle*, freakiest of the hippie tabloids, was dominated by four-color graphics that, in the days when Haight-Ashbury was aswarm with LSD, went in waving bobbing lines; and when speed became the drug of choice, turned into zigzag pointiness; and sometimes the *Oracle* didn't come out at all. Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist*, testified at the Chicago Conspiracy Trial while hallucinating to the point of incoherence. "There were some who considered it irresponsible," Peck quotes him as saying. The White Panther Party, an actual organization for a while, formally described itself as "LSD-driven maniacs of the Universe." And this joke—which to be sure fell on many deaf ears, from the Black Panthers, who thought freaks were ridiculing the revolution, to the government, which had the tyrant's impulse to stamp out public outbreaks of hilarity—perfectly expressed the cosmic-comic consciousness.

Drugs were mystical, and they were ridiculous. The drug vogue said that visible reality is a fraud that conceals a better reality over the horizon; and it said the road to this better reality is the road of nonsense and inebriation. The more deranged, the more perceptive. The stupider, the smarter. The more incoherent, the more articulate. Of course the drugs themselves weren't necessary for such a logic. Public outrageousness in practically any form could produce cosmic perception. One might take up tootling noisomely on a Tibetan flute, or panhandling, or vow never to cut one's hair. One might publish an underground newspaper. Anything—no matter how desperate.

WERE THERE, by the middle and late 1960s, legitimate insights, not necessarily cosmic ones, to be had by cultivating a spirit of outrageousness and derangement? There were, of course. That is why freaks multiplied in such remarkable numbers, why by 1969, according to *Newsweek*, 500 underground papers were being distributed in two million copies, or many more copies than that, according to other estimates. Peck notes several of those insights, beginning with the coup scored by Art Kunkin's Los Angeles *Free Press*—the original underground paper, leaving aside the semi-mainstream *Village Voice*—on the occasion of the Watts riot in 1965. The straight press, it turned out, had no black reporters and few black contacts. But the *Free Press*, being an outrageous rag with Trotskyist antecedents and a spirit of revolt, commanded those very things, and it was therefore able to present an otherwise unseen black perspective.

Subscribers to Liberation News Service were treated to the Indochina reports of Wilfred Burchett, who was a friend of the North Vietnamese government and a Communist of the worst sort. Burchett offered the insight (1) that the United States was opposing a popular movement in Vietnam, and (2) that to war against the popular will means to war against the populace, i.e., to make massacre a policy. Yes, without question, the movement paid in the end for the prestige it accorded the Burchett line. Still, it gleaned from him what could hardly be gleaned, in the early years of the war, from the mainstream press. Then there was the insight about rock 'n' roll. The underground took rock seriously. Too seriously? Hardly possible; American rock was just beginning its conquest of the world. At least the underground knew there was more to rock than noise and hairstyles, which was pretty much how the mainstream presented it before 1968 or thereabouts.

Even in the underground's age of decline, even when the freak movement was sinking into swamps and bogs of its own creation, even then, in 1969 and after, the spirit of outrageousness gave forth some notable observations. The takeover by its women staffers of an underground paper like the New York *Rat*, which at the time was preaching terrorism and practicing pornography—those were the days—contained an especially notable thought, which was feminism in its most radical form. Will someone object that feminism in its most radical form was loony? Yes, the complex metamorphosis by which the super-radical insurrections of 1969 would turn into a social pressure so bland and unremarkable that even right-wing antifeminists would boast 15 years later about the appointment of a woman Supreme Court judge—this metamorphosis hadn't occurred. But does anyone need reminding that grand social progress almost always begins with cults of the Goddess Reason and suchlike?

TRACE the development of women's rights in modern times and there it is, unavoidable, the takeover at *Rat* and the sometimes peculiar writings in that and other papers by the likes of Robin Morgan. Sane, civilized defenders of reproductive rights might similarly recall with a proper degree of respect that someone wanting an abortion in, say, Chicago, during the time when that operation was still illegal, could turn at least to the friend of the oppressed individual, the *Seed*, and read about what to do. The outlaw spirit has virtues in an age of repressive law. Or another example: the gay rights movement. This movement became public, as Peck observes, not in the underground press but as a Greenwich Village riot. Yet it was in the underground that you could see the trouble on the street described as a positive social development rather than as the criminal outbreak that was reported in *The New York Times*.

So the freak mentality did, in fact, accomplish some useful things. Yet after 1971 the movement more or less fell off a cliff. By 1974 the hundreds of papers had dwindled to dozens, and the dozens were nothing to speak of. The multicolored hallucinogenic tabloid covers that used to be everywhere on the streets of big cities, the headline style based on ! and !! that used to leap up at every passerby, the armies of ragamuffin hippie news vendors—all were gone. And the reasons for this collapse—apart from the obvious, such as illiteracy among underground writers—aren't hard to identify.

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There was, first of all, the bitter lash of success. Certain elements of hip lunacy, being discovered to be sane, were assimilated into everyday rationality. By 1969 the mainstream press was hiring black reporters, was conducting investigations into Vietnam somewhat more reliable than those of Wilfred Burchett, and was publishing rock criticism. *Rolling Stone* magazine packaged aspects of the underground appeal into an unrevolutionary commodity, mostly by hiring away the handful of writers who were not illiterate. Feminism became semi-legitimate. The same, almost, with marijuana.

SOCIETY, in short, was changing. And having contributed mightily to these instances of social and cultural progress, the underground met the ingratitude with which America traditionally rewards its left-wing pioneers and benefactors. The Haymarket syndrome—according to which the old anarchist labor leaders, having set America on the road to the eight-hour day, were hanged for their efforts—went into effect. There was considerable police persecution. Sometimes it was on the basis of drug laws, sometimes on the basis of obscenity law, sometimes on the basis of no law at all, sometimes on the basis of ultra-right-wing conspiracies.

The average freak paper wound up containing, in Peck's phrase, more police defendants than police reporters. He himself, during his stint at the *Seed*, was an obscenity defendant, having published an unfortunate drawing of Mayor Daley, and he recalls two sniper attacks on the newspaper office, one conceivably by the police. There were the scurrilous FBI and CIA persecutions of the press and allied political groups, sometimes involving effective incitements to violence. And these things made life a murky business for the underground. A frightening atmosphere arose that Americans who have never been the object of government persecution find difficult to imagine but that, until the fall of Richard Nixon, seemed to get grimmer by the month.

Worse than success, worse than persecution, though, was the internal crisis of the freak movement after 1968, a crisis of politics that was also—fatal to any movement that is fundamentally hip—a crisis of tone. It may be that all hip radical movements go through such crises. The transcendentalists of 1840 did. In the early days of their movement it was perfectly all right to adopt a fey attitude toward politics, which was indeed the only attitude compatible with the mystic-playful imagination, and to engage in all sorts of crank campaigns or to look down one's nose at politics altogether, as Emerson used to do. Eventually, though, transcendentalists came across a genuine evil, that is, slavery, and mystic playfulness suddenly seemed less appealing. That was the crisis. A more serious movement was required, something that spoke the language of power, a conventional sort of radicalism. Fortunately along came the Republican Party. Emerson and most of the other erstwhile anti-politicos quietly joined. The mystic radical tone pretty much disappeared, and the crisis was resolved.

THE EVIL facing hip radicalism in the 1960s was, of course, the war in Vietnam. It was fine, it was great, to have spent some years horrifying the suburbs and drawing squiggly lines and reprinting articles by the sort of failed Marxist sectarians who were publishing the *Guardian*. But by 1968 the horrors of American participation in the war required responses more forceful than levitating the Pentagon or mailing a joint to LBJ.

Obviously something resembling a new Republican Party was needed—a conventional movement, not necessarily a party, but something with muscle. By the end of the decade there was a noticeable constituency for such a movement, based mostly but not entirely on students and young people. Yet the leadership for that movement never emerged. Those segments of the political class that might, in a better world, have organized a serious conventional radical challenge showed, in the world that existed, no taste for such labors. And thus the freaks found themselves in an exceptionally miserable situation. At exactly the moment when, due to the war, they should have retired from the scene, or should have retreated into a minor auxiliary role as a theatrical avant-garde to a powerful mainstream movement—at exactly that moment they found themselves nearly alone on the big stage, a mass audience in front, crying for leadership of a different sort than freaks could provide. They were still the old crowd of acidheads, Buddhist poets, hippie Maoists, beyond-the-pale comedians, electric guitarists, Third World guerrilla warriors, future stockbrokers and religious nuts, plus an unscrupulous conniver or two, and they should have known not to take themselves too seriously. But what could they do under the circumstances? The crowd was clapping for speakers and the microphone was on and history seemed to require something of them.

THE DIFFICULTIES could be seen at the demonstrations outside the Chicago Democratic convention, summer 1968. On one hand, the demonstration leaders proceeded in time-tested freak fashion. They ridiculed authority, made the government look terrible, and offered a sometimes witty, faintly millenarian image of the freak alternative. All this was an immense, a colossal success. Rational grounds for continuing the war had been pretty much refuted in the popular mind by that summer, and the only remaining support, especially among young people, was of a cultural nature, a respect for authority and a habit of obedience. The Chicago protests undermined those very things. They dealt the war a cultural blow.

On the other hand, the demonstrations went beyond cultural blows and time-tested freak behavior. The Yippie leaders had entered the domain of power politics, whether they wanted to or not (some did, some didn't). There was the possibility that the protests might merge into a race riot—that is, a ghetto insurrection of the sort that had broken out around the country during the spring—and thus become truly violent. There was the matter of influencing the election—which I mention not in order to blame Nixon's victory on the demonstrators but merely to note that the stakes were of a conventional political sort. (For why shouldn't the discontented have vented their discontent? Why instead didn't the vastly despised Hubert Humphrey follow Johnson into retirement so that a dark horse with no known enemies could have run?) There was the matter also of the power that freak leaders had over their own followers. And whether Yippie successes at Chicago were equally immense and colossal in these other respects, in the realm of politics, is a question.

Peck, who spent 1968 in the Yippie ranks half-helping the leaders plan, half-trying to restrain them, still nurses a grievance about certain of the political aspects. He shows that Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, and the rest engaged in every sort of shoddy manipulation. He

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complains that they organized a political party, the Youth International Party, solely for media use. (But that was a joke, right?) They invited innocent young people to a "Festival of Life," which the organizers knew perfectly well was going to be a bloody riot. Later they staged all sorts of courtroom shenanigans that were cynically devised to provoke repression. A touch of authoritarianism emerged within their own ranks. (Tom Hayden, the conventional radical in freak's clothing, who has come off badly in a number of 1960s memoirs, comes off abysmally here.) Peck feels that these things corrupted the movement. The manipulations destroyed the old sense of innocence, that crux of any hip radicalism.

ALL OF WHICH is true, true—though Peck does look a little silly being so mad about it. For as I say, you could hardly expect the heroes of hip radicalism gracefully to assume the responsibilities of power, or to show much talent at directing a conventional movement. There's not much point in condemning people for being the wrong sort of person. Peck mentions that at the height of the Chicago demonstrations, during those frightening days of political turmoil and horrific police violence, certain of the leaders were dutifully following their hip vocation by tripping on LSD. Rushes in one case came on so strong that an FBI man on shadow detail had to emerge from behind his woodwork to guide a demented Yippie leader across the lawn. To criticize seems a bit beside the point. Who will care to insist that political leaders, during times of national disaster and especially when their own followers are getting clubbed to a pulp, should refrain whenever possible from doing LSD? Better simply to recall the underlying dilemma in 1968, which was that anger over an atrocious war had gone beyond the level of polite disagreement, and a mass constituency was clamoring for radical opposition, and the potential leaders of such an opposition never appeared, and thus responsibility for conducting a protest had fallen into the hands of God knows who. At least—this should be said—God knows who had courage.

Peck observes that after Chicago life among the freaks was never the same, and this no one can question. Somehow or other the old-style idealists and the more intellectual types in the movement, the principled pacifists, the Marxist humanists, the neo-Kropotkinites, and incipient social democrats everywhere lost their respective faction fights; and afterward came quite a moral decline. The decline did have its moments of originality. A never-before imagined persona emerged from the over-revolutionary freak ranks—the mellow outlaw bandit, the slow-talking bearded or homespun-wearing hippie mountaineer who farmed marijuana or organic beans in the morning, took drugs and made love all afternoon with brothers and sisters of the struggle, spent the evening driving into town to shoot a policeman or blow up a utility, published a clandestine newspaper at night, and meditated frequently about the sages of the East, the Zen Masters, and the poet-warriors Mao and Ho. If nothing else, this was a colorful idea. It reflected, to be sure, a pool of knowledge three inches deep. But perhaps it was not inappropriate to America. For in a country where pro-imperialists pound the drums to invade countries that, until three weeks earlier, they never knew existed, it is entirely normal that anti-imperialists should with equal enthusiasm embrace revolutionary philosophies that never did exist.

The light rebel spirit, however, was gone. Peck quotes a poem by Diana Di-Prima advising the new mystic cowboy guerrillas to keep cool: "The guns: / will not win this one, they are / an incidental part of the action / what will win / is mantras"—plus "buddha nature," the sharing of food, and other sundries of the later freak ideal. The old cosmic-

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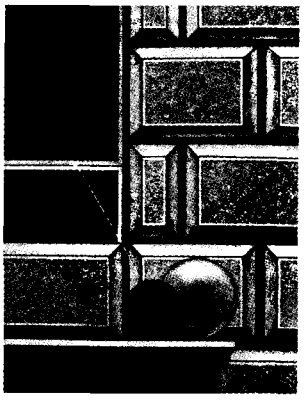

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comic consciousness was still visible in lines like these, but only as a vestige. Then the guns turned out not to be incidental. There was a natural tendency to degenerate into real, not just imaginary, guerrilla marauding. All that imagery from the communist world, once so trippy, so hilarious, so mystical, so rebellious, so marvelously preposterous, culminating briefly in a vogue, led by Eldridge Cleaver, for Kim Il Sung, who was thought to bear a striking similarity to the *I Ching*—that accumulated communist imagery eventually congealed into doctrines that people thought to take seriously. A thousand little Stalinist tyrannies sprang up, also an equal number of democratic tyrannies, campaigns against elitism, demands for conformity, a sudden suspicion even of left-wing intellectuals. Peck reports the outbreak of anti-Semitism here and there (and the efforts by some Jewish freaks to oppose it).

Finally came the discovery that the freak movement, in stripping away habits and reflexes inherent in the bourgeois classes, had left itself vulnerable to the depredations of the large American underclass with which the movement attempted to ally, the sometimes criminal lumpen proletariat of which Cleaver was a symbol—a bitter discovery that in city after city ushered freakdom off the stage as if in a parting demonstration that America is, after all, the class society that the left has always said it is. Peck's memory is of the neighbors gradually stripping the Chicago *Seed* office down to nothing.

HIS BOOK covers the life and times of the underground press from first influences and predecessors in the 1950s and earlier to that moment in the middle 1970s when the phenomenon ceased to be mass. His focus is mostly institutional, the organizing of the Underground Press Service and other groups, the conventions that pitted "people committed to keeping their bodies free of all chemicals against people who had too many chemicals in their bodies to put up much of an argument" (Calvin Trillin).

That's a useful focus, but someone should come along someday to discuss at greater length the "comix" art that Peck only briefly mentions, the cartoon narratives by R. Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, and others that constituted the single area of sustained achievement the underground press could claim. Something more might be said, too, about the ugly slapdash spontaneous layout style of the undergrounds, which proved influential well beyond freak ranks. Steven Heller, art director of *The New York Times Book Review*, remarks in a recent article in *Print* magazine that most, not just some, newspaper art directors of the 1970s came up from the underground. A past devoted to squiggly lines proved just the thing for future advancement in that particular field.

But Peck's achievement is all in all a very good one. His book offers not only the fullest account so far of the underground press; it manages to capture some of the prelapsarian freak élan, which is not easily done. Any historian can write the history of a conventional movement. But to write the history of a hip movement, to know when to laugh and when not to, to be able to distinguish—most difficult of tasks—straightforward literal language from the hyperbole that is hip's special trait, to see the logic in the foolery, to evoke some of the joyfulness of a hip rebellion, to remember always that standards of conventional politics don't apply to movements devoted to opposing conventional politics—to do all this one needs not only a suitable background, but also to have in some measure overcome that background. Professor Peck of Northwestern University's journalism school, the former "Abraham Yippie" of other days, possesses both qualifications, and his book shows it.

PAUL BERMAN

Paul Berman writes for *The Village Voice* and is drama critic of *The Nation*.

THE LONG FUSE

Détente and Confrontation: American-Soviet Relations from Nixon to Reagan by Raymond L. Garthoff

(The Brookings Institution, 1,147 pp., $39.95, $16.95 paper)

"The purpose of this study is to learn from history as a guide to the future, in particular, to the future of American-Soviet relations," writes Raymond Garthoff on the first page of his book. But the reader who has patiently waded through the 1,126 pages of text is unlikely to emerge confident that history can offer much guidance on that tangled subject. The author's final paragraph bespeaks muffled resignation:

> In President Reagan's words, "It takes two to tango." Quite so. Particularly given the intensification of mutual suspicion in recent years, it will be even more difficult to determine that both sides are indeed ready to seek an improvement in relations and to work constructively to that end. But such an outcome can occur.

Not a very encouraging or, for that matter, felicitously phrased prognosis.

The trouble is that in the 1,124 pages that separate the bold statement of purpose from the rather lame conclusion, Garthoff cannot quite decide what kind of book he is writing. Is it a dispassionate chronicle of the last 16 years of American-Soviet relations? Or is it an inquiry into respective shares of guilt for the conflicts that have accompanied the uneasy coexistence of the two superpowers? To be sure, a book could well attempt to offer both, provided that they were clearly separated—and that the moralist was not allowed to get in the way of the analyst. But often the moralist in this book is allowed to do just that. Garthoff's laudable intent to see the other (that is, the Soviet) point of view leads him at times to some very tortuous reasoning, which leaves the reader in a quandary both about the validity of his presentation of the facts and about what he really means to say.

Take the author's interpretation of the rationale of Soviet policies:

> In the broadest terms the Soviet leaders can be taken at their word when they say they do not believe in or practice the export of revolution, but only oppose the export of counterrevolution (Western intervention against revolutionary change).

Couple that with an equally question-

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able statement on a preceding page that the Soviet leaders see class struggle throughout the world "as an objective phenomenon not subject to their own or anyone else's control." One does not have to be an apologist for the official American position on such matters to assert that, in 1985, terms such as "revolution," "class struggle" have little, if any, relevance to the Kremlin's decision-making on foreign policy. But suppose we do stick to the Marxist-Leninist lexicon. Would it not warrant the conclusion that it was the Soviet Union that has been exporting *counter*-revolution by its armed actions in Budapest in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968, and Afghanistan since 1979, and most recently by its complicity in suppressing what was in fact the Polish workers' class struggle against their oppressors?

Having apparently accepted the Kremlin's rhetoric as being in good faith, Garthoff proceeds (on the very same page!) to demolish his own argument.

> . . . when the prospects for serving Soviet interests are seen as sufficiently promising, the Soviet leaders are prepared to deal pragmatically with support not only to those with shared ideological sympathies, but also to others, including even local noncommunist regimes with anti-communist internal policies. The Soviet leaders do not approach such matters from a coldly cynical standpoint, but their judgments on what action is right are inseparable from their judgments on what is expedient.

The same incoherence arises when Garthoff assesses specific Soviet policies. On one page he writes:

> . . . there is no evidence to support the idea that the Soviet leaders saw a political option flowing from their decision on the SS-20 or that they even considered such a political purpose in making the decision. To the contrary, there is considerable indirect evidence they did not.

Barely ten pages later, however, he says: "The Soviet leaders were unwise, from the standpoint of their own interests, to proceed with the SS-20 deployment—despite what they saw as an ample *political*-military justification. . . ." [my italics].

Though it hardly seems possible, the reader's confusion grows when the author turns to American foreign policy. One can seldom be sure whether Garthoff's formulations represent what he believes the Soviet leaders believe, or whether they convey (partly? wholly?) his own opinion. Thus, how are we to understand the following statement: "Finally, the United States and its proxies have been waging a series of scarcely disguised covert wars against Afghanistan, Nicaragua, Kampuchea, Ethiopia, Angola, and Mozambique"? It is safe to say that even Gorbachev himself, in the privacy of the Politburo, would not assert that the United States is waging war on Afghanistan or Kampuchea, or that American supplies of food to Ethiopia were part of some sinister imperialist plot.

Even when Garthoff is more explicit he runs into trouble. The shooting down of the Korean airliner by the Soviets led, according to him, to overhasty American reactions. "The United States (as evidenced in bipartisan congressional expression, as well as administration statements) seemed almost to welcome in the tragedy an opportunity to belabor the Soviet Union with hasty charges of savage barbarity." The "almost" does not quite save the statement from bordering on the ludicrous. How far a passion for evenhandedness may lead a writer is further illustrated by Garthoff's statement that, during the period, "American allies, protégés, or protectorates [sic] continued to resort to military intervention." He offers as one example of such wanton use of force the Israeli Entebbe raid to rescue passengers of a hijacked plane from a terrorist gang.

GARTHOFF is emphatically not an apologist for the Soviet Union, nor is he one of those who continuously and tediously represent America as the villain of world politics. Before this opus he wrote several penetrating studies of Soviet policies, and served with distinction in a number of official positions, including a stint as a member of the SALT I negotiating team. And indeed, there are parts of the book that should be of considerable value both to the expert and the general reader: an exhaustive depiction of the American and Soviet roles in the Indian-Pakistani war of 1971; some fresh facts and interpretations of the maneuverings that led to the Washington-Beijing rapprochement; a very informative account of the events that preceded and followed the Afghan coup of 1978. The author's personal experience and connections have enabled him to be interestingly indiscreet about behind-the-scenes mechanics of policy-making during the Nixon-

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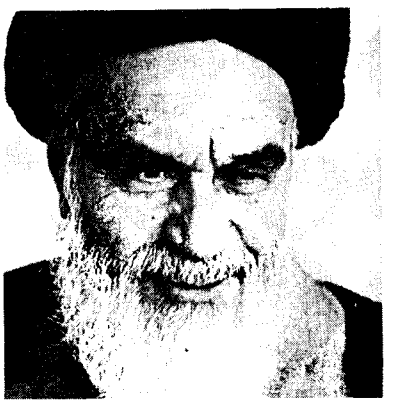

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Kissinger era (he is not overly fond of either). He also provides inside accounts of what passed for policy-making, but was in fact a continuous tug-of-war between Vance and Brzezinski, under Carter. (Carter's role in that historic conflict might remind the reader of one British minister's observations about a colleague during World War I: "Derby is like a pillow. He bears the imprint of the last man who had sat on him.")

DESPITE such merits, however, incoherence in the end prevails. Part of the blame must belong to the somewhat sloppy preparation of the book. The text cries out for a ruthless editor ready to point out inconsistencies, prune the repetitions and irrelevancies that are largely responsible for the awesome bulk, and impart a degree of discipline and greater clarity to the prose. A historical study should adhere to chronological sequence. Here we have a book in which one of the climactic events—the 1979 Vienna summit—is described in chapter 21, while the events that led to the summit, including the tortuous SALT II negotiations, are covered in the two subsequent chapters.

Moreover, the very title is misleading. "Confrontation" conjures up the image of two adversaries clenching their fists, issuing ultimatums, ready to pounce upon each other. Yet for all the continuous rivalry between the two superpowers, real confrontation came close to occurring only once—during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. And, if one wants to stretch the meaning of the term, it loomed during the Berlin impasse of 1958-62, and perhaps at one point of the 1973 Middle Eastern war. No comparable standoff has taken place, however, since the demise of détente. Instead, we have had Washington and Moscow glaring at, and using some very uncomplimentary language about, each other. Disturbing, certainly; but, thank God, not confrontation.

But what can account for the flaws and inconsistencies of Garthoff's central theme? Here one can only surmise that like some other students of international affairs, the author became exasperated by the Reagan administration's strident rhetoric concerning the Soviet Union, and has assumed the task of emphasizing that America cannot be held blameless for the current troubles and dangers of international life. Such an undertaking is both legitimate and praiseworthy, provided that it is informed by a sense of proportion. That sense counsels us that it is preposterous to equate what the United States did in Grenada with what the Soviet Union has been doing in Afghanistan; that 75 American military advisers authorized for El Salvador represent an intervention of quite a different magnitude and are there for a different purpose than the sizable Soviet military contingent in Czechoslovakia; that our relations with such admittedly unsavory regimes as Iran before Khomeini or Chile under Pinochet have not been as free of moral and ideological inhibitions as have Moscow's relations with the much more oppressive governments of Qaddafi and Mengistu.

Yes, by all means let us strive for objectivity. But no cause, least of all that of establishing better American-Soviet relations and a stable world order, can profit from a twisted moral accounting. On the contrary, what might be called political masochism and self-flagellation stand as much in the way of developing an intelligent and effective foreign policy in a democracy as do self-righteousness and national arrogance.

ADAM B. ULAM

Adam B. Ulam is Guerney Professor of History and Political Science and director of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University. His most recent book is *Dangerous Relations: The Soviet Union in World Politics, 1970-1982* (Oxford University Press).

PEERING INTO THINK TANKS

The Brookings Institution, 1916-1952: Expertise and the Public Interest in a Democratic Society by Donald T. Critchlow

(Northern Illinois University Press, 247 pp., $23)

Nongovernmental policy research institutes—"think tanks"—are one of Washington's largest industries. They sprawl across the city and into the suburbs, occupy expensive office buildings, accumulate endowments that are the envy of universities, gather together substantial "faculties" of scholars, administrators, activists, and public relations flacks. They publish books, journals, and newsletters. They flood the offices of public officials with policy analyses and political exhortations. They help staff important federal agencies. They draft legislation, design public programs, shape economic policy, define political discourse. They perform functions indispensable to government, and yet they exist outside of government.

Why do we have them? Where did they come from? It is surprising how little serious attention those questions have received. Private organizations serving public functions are one of the most distinctive features of American life, but Americans prefer not to look at such organizations too closely, perhaps for the same reason that they insisted upon creating them in the first place.

Think tanks have emerged as part of an elaborate and elegant fiction that Americans have produced to reconcile themselves to the existence of a modern state. An advanced, industrial society cannot govern itself without relying heavily on planning, research, and expertise. But the idea of planning, and the establishment of visible planning mechanisms within the government, have always been anathema to the populist sentiments that underlie American democracy. The United States has solved this dilemma, even if uneasily and imperfectly, by creating institutions that are neither public nor private, institutions technically separate from government and politics but in fact inextricably linked with them, institutions without which the state would have difficulty functioning. Essential tasks that in most other modern societies are performed by agencies of government are, in America, performed in large degree by a sort of quasi-government, an enormous and growing network of foundations, institutes, consulting firms, and research and development corporations masquerading as private organizations.

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Donald Critchlow's judicious, intelligent history of the Brookings Institution—the oldest, wealthiest, and most prominent of the think tanks—is a welcome and valuable contribution to our understanding of this peculiarly American phenomenon. In many ways, it must be said, this is a decidedly modest book. It is relatively brief (178 pages of text). It examines the history of Brookings only until 1952, before its periods of greatest influence. And it is so concerned with refuting the charges of other scholars, particularly the charge that Brookings and other "think tanks" are pliant tools of "corporate liberalism," that it fails to produce a fully convincing interpretation of its own. Still, it is an impressively researched and carefully argued work; and in the picture it draws of the early history of Brookings, we can see an important segment of the story of modern American government writ small.

THE Brookings Institution, Critchlow reveals, was the product of two important features of early 20th-century America: a great fortune and an intense faith. The fortune was that of Robert S. Brookings, a self-made millionaire in the cordage and freight industry who was in many respects typical of the so-called "robber barons" of the era. But like some other industrial tycoons, among them his friend Andrew Carnegie, Brookings aspired to something more than the accumulation of a personal fortune. At one point relatively early in his successful career, he left it all to spend a year in Germany training to become a concert violinist, only to discover he lacked the talent to be anything more than a proficient amateur. Later he became the president and principal benefactor of Washington University in St. Louis. And in 1916 he joined a group of distinguished reformers to create (and fund) the Institute for Government Research in Washington. Six years later he founded a companion organization, the Institute of Economics. And five years after that the two institutes merged and took Brookings's name.

All three organizations reflected a powerful faith emerging in this turbulent industrial era: a faith in the value of professional, scientific expertise, a faith rooted in both hope and fear. Democratic politics, a powerful group of reformers came to believe, had proved itself incapable of controlling the great economic forces the industrial revolution had unleashed. American society was staggering under the burden of its own inefficiency. The party system in particular was awash in corruption and narrow self-interest. Only by placing political and economic authority in the hands of educated experts—the "best men," men who would remain detached from the clamor of popular politics and would commit themselves to the goal of efficiency and economy alone—could the nation avoid upheaval and disaster. "It is no longer possible to mistake the reaction against democracy," Woodrow Wilson wrote somberly in 1901. Only "the best opinion, the opinion generated by the best possible methods of general counsel," could be trusted to "rule in public affairs."

The belief that the industrial economy had become too large and too complex to be left to the haphazard governance of popular politics was one shared by many Western democracies in the early 20th century. In the United States, however, that belief existed alongside an equally powerful, and distinctively American, fear of the state. Few Americans, and certainly few of the industrialists who supported the creation of the Brookings Institution, were willing to see the federal government develop a capacity for centralized planning of the economy. Such a capacity would smack too much of socialism, would threaten economic tyranny. And hence, the uniquely American solution to a worldwide problem: in the United States the expert planning that the industrial economy required would exist apart from the state, in quasi-official institutions, privately funded and privately controlled.

IN THE 1920s, at least, the first of these organizations—the institutions that became Brookings—compiled considerable successes. The Institute for Government Research was instrumental in the creation of a new executive budget system (with a Bureau of the Budget, staffed by experts, at its center) within the federal government. Brookings played an important role in reforming the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It was involved in the complex negotiations that produced the Dawes Plan revising the international debt structure that had emerged out of World War I. It sponsored important studies of labor-management relations and industrial self-government; those studies cre-

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ated controversy, and produced significant results, in many sectors of the economy.

It seemed, in short, to confirm the belief of its founders in the importance of disinterested expertise in the formulation of policy. According to Harold Moulton, the institution's director for more than 30 years, the scholars at Brookings were entitled to their influence not by virtue of political position but precisely because they remained unconnected with politics and government. They were distinguished by their commitment to the public interest. They could "appreciate that there is a *general welfare* point of view to which a disinterested, investigative institution is devoted."

THE "think tank" approach to policy analysis encountered its only serious challenge in the 1930s, when the New Deal flirted briefly with the idea of a centralized planning institution within the executive branch. The National Resources Planning Board, chaired by the president's uncle and staffed by some of the administration's most advanced, statist liberals, experimented with various forms of internal government planning for almost a decade, beginning in 1934. But the board's political position was tenuous from the start; and by the beginning of World War II, conservatives had transformed it into a symbol of the "socialist" proclivities of the New Deal. In 1943 Congress refused to appropriate any funds for the agency, and it quietly disbanded. With the demise of the NRPB, the idea of centralized planning within the government suffered a setback from which it never fully recovered. Isolated federal planning mechanisms survived, at times even flourished, but never enough of them to challenge the primacy of the think tanks.

Among the most forceful critics of the NRPB was the Brookings Institution itself, and the destruction of the agency in 1943 was one of the organization's most important victories. Nevertheless, the years of the New Deal were among the bleakest in Brookings's history. Harold Moulton, a rigid, self-righteous autocrat irrevocably committed to the principles of the "free market," was unrelentingly hostile to what he considered the excessive statism of the Roosevelt administration; and he systematically purged his institute of any scholars even remotely sympathetic to the activist economic policies of the government. He was particularly contemptuous of Keynesianism, which was by the early 1940s winning influential converts in the United States. Moulton had met Keynes twice, briefly, but it was long enough to allow him to conclude that the man had no understanding of economics. After the war Moulton became so incensed at what he considered Harry Truman's economic apostasy that he refused even to nod to the president when he encountered him occasionally in public.

Divorced now from the main currents of public policy, standing in opposition to an emerging consensus on a new role for government in the economy, Brookings was becoming a backwater, repudiated not only by New Dealers but by many of its former corporate benefactors who had come to support the Keynesian social-democratic aims of the government. It was, wrote *The Nation* in 1944, "the outstanding academic servant of reaction in America." It was also in dire financial straits, and there were serious doubts—both outside the institution and within it—about its ability to survive.

BUT IT DID survive. Harold Moulton retired in 1952 (the point at which Critchlow ends his narrative), and his successor, Robert Calkins, worked aggressively to move Brookings back into the policy mainstream. New economists imbued with the principles of Keynesianism joined the staff. Former New Dealers and others committed to the new premises of postwar liberalism soon found in Brookings a base for the promotion of their ideas on social welfare. By the 1960s the institute had become as notable for its association with liberalism as it had been in the 1930s for its commitment to conservatism. It became a source of personnel and a designer of programs during Democratic administrations, a "government-in-exile," producing an agenda for the future, in Republican years. Richard Nixon so despised it that his henchmen once considered firebombing its Washington headquarters. Other conservatives so mistrusted its power that they worked to create right-wing alternatives to it: the American Enterprise Institute (which boasted in the 1970s of having become the "conservative Brookings"), the Heritage Foundation, and others. The left, equally impatient with the centrist liberalism Brookings represented, created its own think tanks, of which the most prominent was the Institute for Policy Studies, renowned (and in the opinion of many notorious) for its relentless attacks on corporate capitalism at home and for its efforts to unmask illicit CIA activities (and to blow the cover of CIA agents) abroad.

THE HISTORY of Brookings, and to an even greater extent the history of its more recent rivals, is a vivid illustration of what some might call the mythic structure of American public life. Think tanks in concept are nonpartisan, disinterested, and removed from the political pressures of government. But think tanks in reality are none of those things. They are not in any real sense independent of government. Without federal funding and government contracts, without political connections and influence, they could not serve any useful purpose and probably could not even survive. No scholar leaves the university to join a policy research institute because of commitment to the ideal of detachment from politics. Think tanks are staffed by men and women who want influence, and who come to Washington to "network," to immerse themselves in the world of government. If they are successful, they become as much a part of the policy-making process as any elected or appointed official. If they are fully successful, they become officials themselves.

Nor are think tanks truly nonpartisan in any meaningful sense of the term. Brookings and the American Enterprise Institute may include within their ranks individuals of diverse political inclinations; indeed both institutions boast frequently of (and usually exaggerate) their ideological heterogeneity. But few individuals within think tanks operate independently of partisanship. Even fewer, one suspects, do not aspire either secretly or openly to some sort of political appointment. Some of the newer organizations make no real pretense of detachment. The Heritage Foundation, for example, is explicitly committed to propagating conservative ideas and positions, and it devotes the bulk of its budget to publicity, as befits an institution founded by the right-wing political activist Paul Weyrich. "Our concept," says its present president, Edwin Feulner, "is to make marketing of the product an integral part of it."

But Heritage is different from other

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think tanks only in the degree of its partisanship (and its openness in admitting it). Even Brookings, the most determinedly nonpartisan of them all, has a long history of conspicuous ideological adjustments to make itself more appealing to the prevailing political powers. Its one failure to make such an adjustment—the New Deal—nearly killed it. It has not repeated that failure. In 1977, for example, Brookings appointed a moderate Republican, Bruce MacLaury, as its president. MacLaury has made it his mission to moderate the liberal image of the institution, to position it to serve the more conservative norms of public life in the 1980s.

Think tanks are easy and tempting targets. Yet they are not, despite the claims of some of their more strident critics, any more self-interested, duplicitous, or corrupt than other sectors of the policy-making structure. In many respects they are probably much less so. They have, to be sure, departed radically from the nonpartisan ideal; but it was an illusion ever to believe that they could (or should) do otherwise. The idea that there is a group of "best men" capable of discovering and defining a single concept of the "general welfare," the idea that underlay the creation of Brookings, was never anything more than an appealing myth. And the idea that the shaping of policy could be accomplished outside of government, immune from political pressures, was at least equally unrealistic. But while think tanks are not as insulated from politics as they pretend, they do enjoy a modest level of detachment that no agency of government could expect; and that limited detachment gives to their policy analysis a depth and objectivity that formal government studies seldom can match. It is hard to believe, in short, that we would be better off if the functions think tanks perform were handed over to Congress or the executive agencies.

Americans have always liked to believe that there is a way to define the public interest apart from politics; and they have liked to believe that they can manage a modern society without government planning. Think tanks have helped them to preserve those illusions. They are not the detached, disinterested institutions their founders at times envisioned. They are not the subversive traducers of the public interest their critics have described. They are simply part of the strange, chaotic, indispensable accumulation of public and private institutions that allow the modern state to operate within the confines of American political mythology.

ALAN BRINKLEY

Alan Brinkley teaches 20th-century American history at Harvard.

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A POET AND POWER

The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy by Geoffrey Hill

(Oxford University Press, 36 pp., $7.95 paper)

The Lords of Limit by Geoffrey Hill

(Oxford University Press, 203 pp., $8.95 paper)

Three decades ago, in the first poem of his first book, Geoffrey Hill made this beginning: "Against the burly air I strode, / Where the tight ocean heaves its load, / Crying the miracles of God." The poem, "Genesis," recounted the first days of the world, in the language of the last days. With creation itself represented as a fall, the poem seemed to embody an apocalyptic conception that was far from Christian. But its ending was different: "And by Christ's blood are men made free / Though in close shrouds their bodies lie / Under the rough pelt of the sea." The opposition, in "Genesis," between the poem's mood and its resolution could be discerned elsewhere in *For the Unfallen*

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(1959). In his later volumes, *King Log* (1968), *Mercian Hymns* (1971), and *Tenebrae* (1978), Hill continued to write a poetry of strife, with a wish to end in conciliatory prayer. Because he is the most powerful living poet, it has been natural for readers to suppose that his chief aim was power. Hill does not understand himself so. What seems to his admirers a vigilant self-command, he would prefer to regard as an expiatory self-denial. This restriction was noticeable in a recent sonnet sequence, "Lachrimae." It comes out more subtly and more insistently in his critical essays, with results that will be discussed below.

Hill's earlier books are out of print here, and his work is not yet familiar to American readers. Invidious comparison may therefore be helpful. He stands out now as the British poet who can be read beside the masters of the high style. He is, to suggest more precisely the traits in question, the poet of exemplary conscience that Robert Lowell aspired to become. Hill's writing, however, is unfamiliar in another sense as well. It has none of the unction of geniality; does not weaken itself with whimsies, or otherwise truckle for patronage; never says, brightly, "These oysters remind me of starlight!" or, gravely, "Forgive me this weak trespass." He does not want to be loved for his poems, or search out ways of being likable in his poems.

This distinct negative appeal—a charmless personal integrity—is a source of Hill's endurance thus far. And it has encouraged him to try for an uncommon success, and write a long poem about another poet. Like no other poem of the age, *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy* sustains its meditation with continuous intensity. Its motive may be described as an attempt to hold poetry and history in a single thought. Yet its eloquence is straightforward, chaste, and declarative, checked only by the thought that all eloquence terminates in action. In theme, it recalls earlier poems by Hill: "Ovid in the Third Reich," "Annunciations," and "Funeral Music." In style it is original, and widens the range of modern poetry.

Péguy himself may need some introduction. He began his literary career as a polemicist for the Dreyfusard Party, underwent an extreme but not unnatural conversion from socialism to the France of "the old republic," and died in 1914, a patriotic soldier in the war he had urged his country to fight. Attachments like Péguy's resist translation. He loved the soil and the folk of his native Orléans, as he imagined them, and wrote of their heroine as he imagined her, in *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*. These things were connected for Péguy with his own childhood, and with the passions and haunts of childhood. At the same time, they had the character of sympathies radically *chosen*. He said of a more detached intellectual, whom he respected but could not cherish: "When I am with M. Benda, I am with a man who has been reading forever; when I am by myself, I am with a man who has been reading since my mother and me." France was thus bound by impalpable links to the singular life that had nourished him.

IN POLITICS, though he held some views in common with a systematic reactionary like Charles Maurras, Péguy's own beliefs derived from no abstract source. Personal experience was always his guide, and not least when he clamored for the death of his former comrade, Jean Jaurès. Believing in the solidarity of working men of all nations, Jaurès opposed France's entry into the war, and to Péguy this represented a final betrayal. The true France, he wrote, the France of the National Convention, requires "Jaurès in a tumbril and that great voice drowned in the beating of drums." Soon after these words were published Jean Jaurès was assassinated—by a madman who, as Hill remarks in a prose afterward, "may or may not have been over-susceptible to metaphor." *Tout commence en mystique*, wrote Péguy, *et tout finit en politique*: everything begins in mysticism and ends in politics. Yet this was not less true of himself than of those whom he condemned.

Hill's poem turns upon the event in which the logic of Péguy's epigram came to include its author:

> So much for Jaurès murdered in cold pique
> by some vexed shadow of the belle époque,
>
> some guignol strutting at the window-frame.
> But what of you, Péguy, who came to "exult,"
> to be called "wolfish" by your friends? The guilt
> belongs to time; and you must leave on time.

This, then, is a poem about the complicity of words with their foreseen and unforeseen consequences, in the world of action that exists for the writer like a fate. That world, Hill says (borrowing a phrase from Auden), "is different, belongs to them— / the lords of limit and of contumely." Though limiting, they have their proper claim, for (to borrow another phrase that Hill has pondered), "The words of a dead man / Are modified in the guts of the living."

The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy is written from the perspective of the lords of limit, who sometimes do speak on behalf of the living.

> Did Péguy kill Jaurès? Did he incite
> the assassin? Must men stand by what they write

After a Sad Talk

The young leaves shiver in their green
Chill, as the broad gray sky exhales
Rough winds, although the time entails
A mellow heat that might have been.

An early visitation from
Recumbent summer, leaping spring
Having sped by, flapped a hot wing
And fled this cold park where we come

To a cold parting once again,
Meeting unjoined, two not together.
Suppose, though, that the late May weather
Flamed with approaching June, what then?

Or that a sudden fall of thunder
Had driven us indoors, that neat,
Cold revelations on the street
Might have been hidden yet in wonder?

Oh, the sure cold would claim its own
In time, whatever dreams of green,
Warmed by our paired repose, might mean.
The ground between us turns to stone.

JOHN HOLLANDER

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as by their camp-beds or their weaponry
or shell-shocked comrades while they sag
and cry?

Evidently there are two answers to these questions. *En mystique*, no: words are not binding on their author, they are germs of thoughts that he cannot know. But, *en politique*, yes: and not only bonds, they are shackles or grappling irons, that connect his name forever with the things he has described and changed. In short, the implications of words may be utterly distinct from the conscious motives that produced them; and yet, once they have issued in action, words may rightly be charged with having the force of such motives. The saying acquits as mere word, the doing convicts as absolute deed. What defense then remains for Péguy?

A USUAL exemption for writers who happen to be poets is that "poetry makes nothing happen," but Hill does not believe this. His purpose is indeed to explain Péguy's fate as that of all who use language powerfully. Poet and soldier at once, Péguy stands as a figure for the contest from which eloquence arises: his valor and cunning were at home in both vocations; and his apology belongs to all writers, whose words are liable to persuade. Their attachments, that is, are always liable to be translated, by readers who take them over as programmatic beliefs:

Rage and regret are tireless to explain
stratagems of the out-manoeuvred man,
the charge and counter-charge. You know
the drill,
raw veteran, poet with the head of a bull.

Footslogger of genius, skirmisher with
grace
and ill-luck, sentinel of the sacrifice,
without vantage of vanity, though mortal-
proud,
defend your first position to the last word.

Stanzas like these suggest an irony in the relation between eloquence and the author who utters it. But from this Hill does not move on to the dilemma of guilty action vs. guiltless immobility—the terms in which some other modern poems, Tate's "Ode to the Confederate Dead" for instance, entirely reframe the problem. Hill's poem on the contrary is an impassioned homage to Péguy, even if it presumes an attitude of chastened recognition.

Large tracts of the poem, especially toward the end, are given over to an allusive sketch of Péguy's "dream of France, militant-pastoral." These passages are essential to the view of Péguy's character that Hill proposes, and also to the scheme of cinematic montage on which the poem depends throughout. Yet they seem more uncertain in tone than the rest of the poem, and they prompt the question of how far such a pastoral can be adopted by a poet whose national mystique, if he has one at all, cannot be the same as Péguy's. The descriptions are carefully poised, and never reflect a borrowed nostalgia. But their insistent presence implies a less suspicious understanding of historical myth than appeared in Hill's earlier long poem *Mercian Hymns*. There the archaic details were relished for their anachronism, and often touched by a grotesque humor. Here, with a foreign rather than a native subject, the landscape becomes very nearly a retreat, secure against the hostilities of the cenacle or the battlefield:

Hedgers and ditchers, quarrymen, thick-
shod
curés de campagne, each with his load,
shake off those cares and burdens; they
become
in a bleak visionary instant, seraphim

looking towards Chartres, the spired
sheaves,
stone-thronged annunciations, winged
ogives
uplifted and uplifting from the winter-
gleaned
furrows that criss-cross the trodden
ground.

These peasant figures, drawn as they are from Péguy's writing, allow Hill to compose an affirmation, "uplifted and uplifting," for which his own language is not quite answerable. When, in moralizing the vision, he writes, "Landscape is like revelation," the word "like" is a very small qualification to cover the whole distance from critical sympathy to sympathetic appropriation.

The poem's concluding note, however, is a good deal more skeptical, without any loss of power to its eulogistic bearing-of-witness. The length of Péguy's career, from his opening "J'accuse" to his death "outflanked again" in a beetroot field, here receives its summing up in a trope that brings together custom and ceremony, militant rhetoric and military discipline:

Low tragedy, high farce, fight for
command,
march, counter-march, and come to the
salute
at every hole-and-corner burial-rite
bellowed with hoarse dignity into the
wind.

Take that for your example! But still
mourn,
being so moved: éloge and elegy
so moving on the scene as if to cry
"in memory of those things these words
were born."

The last quotation is adapted from a sentence of Marcel Raymond, but it comes into the poem inevitably, evoking both its occasion and its choice to inherit Péguy's memory as an ambiguous legacy.

ALL OF THE ESSAYS in *The Lords of Limit* ponder the same question of atonement that led Hill to write about Péguy. Yet they do so with less command than the poem, and now and then with a teasing fastidiousness:

I cannot disguise from myself the awareness that I have been drawn towards my present theme by way of the technical and metaphysical problems which I have encountered as a practitioner of verse. To what extent I should disguise this awareness from my audience is a question that causes me some perplexity.

Not much of Hill's prose deviates into this style. Still, two such sentences are too much; and he ought to have scorned them as not his own. T. S. Eliot wrote them, or something like them, at the beginning of half his lectures. But Hill also shares certain interests with Eliot: a fascination, for example, with two periods above all others, the age of Shakespeare and Jonson, and the latter part of the Victorian age.

At this point the resemblance begins to fade. For though Hill's reading includes all sorts of literature, metaphysics, moral philosophy, and sermons, as well as poems and novels, he has no patience for intellectual argument, in any common understanding of the term. He makes his paragraphs of a tissue of quotations—sometimes striking, sometimes rather dull—from critics, philosophers, and historians. These he then weaves together with the texts of his subject, and contemporary observers of his subject, pestering some of his authorities and praising others with brief comments and judicial summaries.

It is a style that sets up, and puts up with, a great many earnests of conscientious awkwardness, but that is perhaps a generous way of stating the case. It is a style well-designed to conceal from the author himself whatever distinction may exist between that which he knows deeply and that which he knows less deeply. It lacks or, perhaps, eschews

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the available graces of prose. Yet it provides a serious setting for some thoughtful aphorisms, and may be said to exhibit all the strictly privative virtues of Hill's temperament. It is never facile, careless, or merely ingratiating, and it is free of cant.

These essays present themselves as interrogations of the moral life of literature. The evidence that they judge comes from the use of language—what others would simply call, but Hill does not consent to call simply, style. In different ways they analyze betrayals (that is, treasons) of the moral intelligence, which leave their mark in the betrayals (that is, disclosures) of language. The heroes of the book, as much as its antagonists, are looked at in the light of such failures. Thus, when T. H. Green says that "the 'Treatise of Human Nature' and the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' taken together, form the real bridge between the old world of philosophy and the new," Hill brings him up short: the verbal formula " 'real bridge' here preempts its own verification. . . . And this strategy itself is crucial in certain forms of nineteenth-century bridge-building." Apparently Green's metaphor is most evasive just where it pretends to be most edifying: we cannot know what to think of the bridge unless we know what lies on either side of it. But his faults do not disqualify him as a hero: "There are triumphs," writes Hill, "that entrap and defeats that liberate." Green's life, as Hill sees it, was a defeat that liberated. So too was the life of Robert Southwell.

BUT THERE IS another sort of failure that concerns Hill almost as much: "It is not only the 'bad artists' who are cruelly judged. The good are too." He estimates Ezra Pound accordingly; and, against a smaller charge, John Crowe Ransom. What one notices in the stories Hill tells about all these writers are the slenderness of the narrative and the confidence of the judgments.

Readers to whom books have mattered will generally admit that language and moral life are involved with each other. Sometimes they will admit more: that language, to a sensitive observer, may always be a revealing index of moral life. But granted that language is involved in moral conduct, it does not follow that a verbal choice is an adequate correlative of a moral choice, as Hill supposes it must be. The belief that it is, reliably, such an adequate correlative licenses him in many capricious surmises, and a few unhappy presumptions.

A 20-page essay called "Redeeming the Time" surveys the entire 19th century, by the analysis of certain phrases that seem to Hill either to exhibit an admirable rigor or to conceal a deplorable laxity of purpose. T. H. Green, Coleridge, and Hopkins are quoted favorably, to expose the deficiencies of Arnold, Mill, and George Eliot. The very idea of this contrast, of course, is high-church. But, as one thinks about it, it passes gradually from caprice into presumption. Hopkins, of all these writers, was the least engaged in questions of language and conduct, and his reputation was posthumous to the last possible degree. What can it mean to play him off against Arnold and Mill, who were active participants in the public debates of the time? Doubtless the standards of public debate and contemporary reputation are narrow. They can also be narrowing. But someone who seeks to displace them ought to produce evidence that is convincing and imaginative rather than coaxing and ingenious. What are we to make of Hill when his case for Hopkins is clinched by a special construal of the punctuation of the phrase "(my God!) my God," and this is held to establish the shallowness of George Eliot's secular sense of vocation in *Felix Holt*? The truth is that Hopkins, revealed here "in his intense selfhood and in his most frightful splintering," defines a subject for interrogation very different from any subject that George Eliot proposes. Taken at her word, she does not suffer by comparison with Hopkins taken at his.

"Our Word Is Our Bond" is the most subtle and ambitious essay in the book, and the most interesting for what it says about Hill's own sense of vocation. Its aim is to place the aesthetic view of poetry in a tense opposition with the conception of language as performative utterance. The rival terminologies are drawn from romantic and modern criticism on one side, and from the philosopher J. L. Austin's *How to Do Things with Words* on the other. To test how far the opposition may be sustained or made to collapse under pressure, Hill examines the record of Ezra Pound's wartime broadcasts for Mussolini and his subsequent court hearing on charges of treason. As the case developed, a plea of insanity allowed Pound to escape the usual punishment for traitors, at the price of being confined for several years in St. Elizabeth's Hospital. This result satisfied no one then, and it has satisfied no one since.

But Hill is not, in fact, concerned with the details of the case, or with the reasonableness of the accusation of treason. Rather he finds Pound guilty of a subtler *trahison* against language, so that there appears an ironic justice in his fate after all. And yet, the language of Hill's condemnation itself is puzzling: "The moral offence," he remarks, "of [Pound's] cruel and vulgar anti-semitism does not call into question the integrity of his struggle; neither does the integrity of his struggle absolve him of responsibility for the vulgar cruelty." Now, what has *vulgarity* to do with it? Had he been less vulgar, Pound would not have been less cruel, nor indeed less culpable. Yet Hill repeats the word: "vulgar anti-semitism," "vulgar cruelty."

LET US be clear exactly what is at stake. The anti-Semite Charles Maurras, who had more refinement than Pound, used the pages of his paper *Action Française* to publish the names of members of the French resistance, in the hope that it would ease the way to their capture by the Gestapo. This was cruel, but was it vulgar? It is questionable whether an act of naming, as distinct from an act of rhetorical persuasion, can appropriately be described as vulgar, apart from the obvious instances of coarse expressions. Still, supposing it to be cruel merely, how does that alter the judgment?

Very likely Hill's answer would be unevasive and satisfying. Say that Pound had urged American soldiers to desert, blamed the war on the Jews, and gloated over their catastrophe; but that he had done so, not in the cozy, bullying, fake-demotic soldier's patois that he used in his broadcasts, but rather in the style of his early essay on Henry James. He would nevertheless stand convicted of—cruelty itself, for no adjective is needed. Yet Hill puts the matter a little differently in his conclusion. By recurring to Austin's terminology, he assures that the judgment will be heard only by a somewhat esoteric audience, which already knows that for Austin "verdictives" have to do with judgment and "exercitives" with action:

> The transcript of the Washington hearing preserves a number of solemn and vacuous pronouncements by advocates and

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experts on both sides, but the observation that "the crime with which he is charged is closely tied up with his profession of writing" has an ineluctability that is not diminished by its banal obviousness. . . . Our word is our bond. It was suggested, at the start of this discussion, that Pound may have misconstrued a fine point of semantics. In *How to Do Things with Words* Austin writes that "a verdictive is a judicial act as distinct from legislative or executive acts, which are both exercitives." Pound's error was to confuse the two, to fancy that poets' "judicial sentences" are, in mysterious actuality, legislative or executive acts. But poets are not legislators, unless they happen to be so employed, in government or law.

Much is resolved in this passage and much remains unsaid. In the same way, throughout *The Lords of Limit*, Hill seems balked in the attempt to formulate a relation between language, moral responsibility, and the power of poetic invention. Yet it is just such a relation that his poems do convey naturally, as part of their wisdom, and with a less baffled show of scruple.

A CRITICISM of Hill's prose is thus suggested by his poetry. Often Hill argues against a narrow definition of poetry that would assign it to a special domain of aesthetic beauty, or against an equally narrow definition that would confine its significance to that of any other persuasive assertion. What he wants instead, he says, is "an atonement of aesthetics with rectitude of judgment." Notice, first, that the profession of such a need is itself non-aesthetic. But recall, second, that when Hill comes to assess the miscarriage of poetic power in a writer like Pound, he falls back on something very like the aesthetic view: "poets are not legislators."

If this meant that their assertions ought not to be liable to persuade wrongly, one might endorse the sentiment, and not only as applied to poetry. But Hill seems to mean, on the contrary, that their assertions, if rightly made, will not be liable to persuade at all: that poetry makes nothing happen. Having scrutinized Pound's statement, "All values come from our judicial sentences," Hill ends by preferring a revised version of the statement: "All values go into our judicial sentences." The inversion warrants some attention. Pound's original statement was Shelleyan in its stilted way, for it implied that poets were "unacknowledged legislators" of the conduct in which words may issue. The revision that Hill adopts is Coleridgean, for it identifies the poem itself as the repository of a moral knowledge that holds no commerce with the world of action. But to be satisfied with this latter view, as Hill sometimes wishes to be, is to ask at once too much and too little of words. They cannot offer the resistant place of repose that Hill looks for them to supply—not for Hopkins or Coleridge, any more than they could for Péguy or Pound. And the reason is that language is always subject to abuse, just as it is always subject to use. Its being turned around, or converted, or interpreted, is one remote but definite consequence of its having been created at all. This was a fact that did not elude Shelley when he weighed the careful phrase "unacknowledged legislators." The inventions of poetry legislate for us, flow into our habits of feeling, beyond any possibility of conscious acknowledgment.

The faith that Hill's poems consider, and that his prose affirms, is that moral intelligence may somehow be contained in poems. His word for this sort of containment is "atonement" (a word Coleridge used to similar effect). Yet this belief seems to be the counterpart of another, to which Hill gravitates in opposite moods, when he wants words to have both a more acknowledgeable and a more precise effect than they can be shown to have. In such a mood he quotes admiringly the reply that Robert Southwell made under interrogation by the Privy Council, who wondered why he was more responsive to their questions than to his torturer's: "Because," said Southwell, "I have found *by experience* that the man is not open to reason." The reply, for Hill, is praiseworthy for something beyond its grace:

> This strikes one as being the most crucial of confrontations, the most searching of contexts. The mission-priests faced a situation in which the "normal reason" of men like Tresham was compromised at every turn by "reason of state." Southwell's retort, in an instant, both judges the travesty and redeems the word.

Taking the last clause slowly: to say that the retort judges, as a defendant judges his accusers, is paradoxical but just. To say, however, that it "redeems the word" is portentous and evasive. It may redeem one human possibility for Geoffrey Hill as he reads the sentence now, but for Southwell it did no such thing; and for others who were persecuted like him, it could be seen to do no such thing.

Finally, one may be troubled by Hill's employment of the Christian implications of certain words, without, so far as the essays themselves allow, any firmly Christian intent. "Redeems the word" is an apt instance because it calls to mind the essay "Redeeming the Time." Both of these phrases compromise between two senses of two words: a compromise, and not an atonement. By contrast, when T. S. Eliot spoke of redeeming the time at the end of "Thoughts After Lambeth," there could be no doubt what sense he had in mind.

Nor does it help to think of Hill's foreshortened explanations as a "searching" of contexts. Judged by his own uncompromising standards, his essays, original and speculative as they often feel, are confused half-arguments

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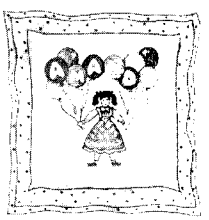

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for the moral act that his poems exist to perform. They would be better if their interrogations had more charity; if they beleaguered others less for the small vices they themselves occasionally display; if, for example, they did not condemn Iris Murdoch for once speaking unguardedly of a century as if it were a character ("the nineteenth century . . . could think itself a single world"), and then commit the same fault without apologizing ("The nineteenth century preferred a half-remorseful majesty in its great apostates"). Above all, the essays would be more enlightening if they addressed the reader in a tone of decision that matched their readiness to decide. And yet, one is sure at any rate that what Hill says of Ben Jonson's Catiline can never be said of himself: "We know that he takes himself too seriously and humanity too lightly." It is the opposite with the author of *The Lords of Limit* and *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy*. We know that he takes himself seriously, but this seems the condition of his always taking humanity seriously enough.

DAVID BROMWICH

David Bromwich is the author of *Hazlitt: The Mind of a Critic* (Oxford University Press), and writes on poetry for *Raritan*.

GUESSING GAMES

The Sign of Three: Dupin, Holmes, Peirce edited by Umberto Eco and Thomas A. Sebeok

(Indiana University Press, 256 pp., $22.50)

It is symbolically fitting that Sherlock Holmes should wear the deerstalker's headgear as his emblem and attribute, for he inhabited, like an Indian, a world of faint trails it was his genius to eke out. Chief Wannetou, in Karl May's improbable Westerns for German boys, was able, by studying significant and all but inscrutable displacements of grass, to derive the weight and height of the passer-through, tell whether he was armed, what he was wearing, perhaps his age and diet, how fast he was making inadvertent tracks for where—and so it was with Holmes, the real inspector hound. "Big things show themselves by small indications," Freud urged in defense of his preoccupations with the minute rubbish of the soul, and indeed he compared his investigative methods with those of a detective. "Would you expect to find that the murderer had left his photograph behind at the place of his crime, with his address attached? Or would you not necessarily have to be satisfied with slight and obscure trifles?" "There is nothing so important as trifles," Holmes declared: "The little things are infinitely the most important."

These superficial concurrences in method between doctor, dogger, and Indian chief notwithstanding, the comparison between them is inexact, for just the reason that a comparison between science and even inspired detective work must be. When Holmes startles Mr. Jabez Wilson by reconstructing his life and style on the basis of seemingly inconsequential signs, Wilson is finally unimpressed when Holmes explains how it was done: "I thought at first you had done something clever, but I see there was nothing in it after all." "I made a mistake in explaining," Holmes confides in an aside to Watson, acknowledging that his method is marvelous only when undisclosed. But Freud saw significances where none would have believed they lay. The sequences of steps in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, from a forgotten Latin pronoun (*aliquis*) to his companion's worry over a missed female period, remain astonishing, even when disclosed. In order to characterize betraying slips and lapses as intentional, he had to transform our concept of mind. And in order to gain acceptance for the method of free association to reveal inadvertent fragments of a disturbance in the unconscious, he again had to transform the concept of mind.

Holmes is enough like a prestidigitator that the effect depends on the audience's ignorance, even if he pulls nothing from hats but hairs. "Depend upon it," he says, "there is nothing so unnatural as the commonplace," Holmes's strategy consisting in paying attention to what for most of us it is of the highest utility to overlook. But what Freud teaches us we would not have known about without a special scientific revelation, a transformation in our conception of mind. Freud must be compared to a scientist like Röntgen, who notes an anomaly that only the highly trained have business to heed or not to heed—an unexplained glowing of a barium screen—which he then went on to explain as due to X rays. "I never guess," Holmes insists, I think correctly. "It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty," he adds, I think incorrectly. But science is inspired guessing painfully tested out: Röntgen's investigative ordeal was epic.

I raise doubts about these comparisons because it is a central thesis of this inspired book that Holmes's methods exemplify what the American genius Charles Peirce identified as *the* method of science, under the name "abduction." No doubt the Holmes-Peirce ligature was suggested by a singular episode in Peirce's life, which is narrated in the book's lead essay by Thomas Sebeok and Jean Umiker-Sebeok. They tell the story of how, acting as a detective, Peirce once recovered a watch stolen from him on shipboard. But the philosopher's procedures were about as un-Holmeslike as could be imagined. Lining the crew members up, Peirce abruptly *decides* it must have been the cook. We never find out on what basis Peirce decides this, nor did he himself know. "What makes you think he has stolen your watch?" a Pinkerton man queries Peirce, who answers, "Why I have no reason whatever for thinking so; but I am entirely confident that it is so." As it turned out, the cook *had* stolen it.

Offered as an illustration of Peirce's theory of "why people so often guess right," the story is in fact about as poor an illustration as someone's guessing the winning numbers in the lottery. In a fair lottery there can be no reason for choosing a set of numbers. In a theft there can be reasons, but Peirce had none: he *just* guessed. Peirce's theory was that we all have inferential powers not easily assimilated to textbook cases either of deduction or induction.

Now it is quite true that Röntgen's inference to X rays (so-named since their

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nature was unknown) or Freud's to the unconscious could be justified neither by the canons of induction nor deduction, and marvelously illustrate abductions. But what these great scientists did can hardly otherwise be compared to those inferential structures that enable us to find our way intuitively through the world, and which Peirce compares to the "musical and aeronautic powers" of birds. Peirce refers to our "natural bent" to make right guesses in circumstances that will stand the skeptic's hair on end; he explains this in terms of evolution, in the sense that the disposition to find only certain features of the world cognitively salient out of countless unheeded alternatives must be a matter of a wired-in "affinity between the reasoner's mind and nature."

I incline to think Peirce right about this. I believe there are principles that we apply all the time by what Descartes would call "a rash impulse of nature," and which philosophers find it impossible to justify by any principle other than the fact that they work (hence pragmatism). I incline to think Holmes was so at home on the pathways laid out by these principles that his instincts had become unerring to the point that he could say with complacency that he never guesses. None of us makes guesses in the routine ratiocinative adventures of common life, save in terms of a model that Peirce helped point out by failing to follow it on shipboard. It is a mistake to construe scientific guesses as otherwise continuous with innate abductive gifts. Nothing in the natural bent of the evolved human mind would have led to X rays or the system of the unconscious.

This book consists of a number of essays devoted to Holmesian methodology and abductive method. Far and away the most interesting is the one already cited by Sebeok and Umiker-Sebeok, although in a brilliant paper Carlo Ginzburg discusses Holmes in conjunction with Freud and the connoisseur Giovanni Morelli. I found almost as stimulating the masterful concluding essay by Umberto Eco, himself after all the author of a detective novel, in which he offers an account of Voltaire's Zadig, who infers properties of animals by marks in the dust.

I finished the book as curious as I was when I started as to why so many writers (including the distinguished logician Jaakko Hintikka) should all at once have found Peirce and Holmes figures to be juxtaposed in this way. Despite a redundancy doubtless inevitable when so many authors work at a common subject independently, the book is fascinating throughout. It would be a rare reader who might be possessed of a philosophical temper and yet find nothing to ponder here: the book is recreative in the highest sense.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

small leftist movement, the Tupamaros. Before the Tupamaros the Uruguayan army was small and its police force smaller still; after the Tupamaros, democracy had disappeared and one man in 20 was doing some kind of security work.

Does one not hesitate to speak of "civilization" in a nation in which there is a political murder every hour? Turkey came to that by early 1980. One result was the self-absorption and near-immobilization of NATO's critical Eastern member; another was the military coup. And in the late 1970s terrorism had Italy on its knees.

Surely Mr. Laqueur has not forgotten all this. And yet look at his argument: (1) we should smile at the dire warnings issued ten and 90 years ago because (2) we are, after all, still here, and therefore (3) arguments that civilization is threatened today by terrorism prove only that "human memory is lamentably short."

But terrorism has been suppressed only by solemn and sometimes supreme efforts. Turkey is quiet and democratic today because tens of thousands of Turkish subversives have been jailed and 700,000 weapons seized. Italy and West Germany have both reduced terrorist incidents from an appalling 2,300 a year to 400 because millions of man-hours were expended in interrogation cells, courtrooms, police stakeouts, and computer centers. The present calm is no cause for forgetting how deadly was the fight, or how immense were the societal resources mobilized to win it.

Finally, a new Israeli study shows terrorism to be rising again in Lebanon, Spain, France, West Germany, Britain, and Colombia. As the terrorists say, the struggle continues.

JIM COURTER
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

TRB, *from page 4*

ment" and "hiring" is nonsense.

And trying to base policy on a nonsensical moral distinction leads to confusion. The administration draft order forbids the use of numerical goals in all parts of the employment process, including recruitment. Yet William Bradford Reynolds, assistant attorney general for civil rights, has written that the proper measure of affirmative action is "the number of persons who are recruited to apply" from disadvantaged groups. In an interview on ABC August 25, responding to Sam Donaldson's suggestion that the administration's notion of affirmative action has no "teeth," Meese insisted that employers would face punishment for not "getting minority members and women into the applicant pool." The draft order charges the Department of Labor with writing regulations to flesh out this concept, without resorting to numerical goals. Good luck.

The Reagan administration's confusion reflects our long-standing national confusion about affirmative action. This confusion was expressed most eloquently in Justice Lewis Powell's widely praised lead opinion in the *Bakke* case (1978), overturning a racial quota in medical school admissions. While denouncing the use of race as "the sole factor," Powell praised the use of race "as a factor" in programs "flexible enough to consider all pertinent elements of diversity in light of the particular qualifications of each applicant, and to place them on the same footing for consideration, although not necessarily according them the same weight." Got it? The trouble with this elegant formulation is that all admissions and hiring decisions come down to a "yes" or a "no," and if race plays any role as a "factor" it will be the determining factor in some cases. In those cases, whites will be disadvantaged because of their race.

The truth is that there is no middle ground here. Those who claim a principled objection to all racial favoritism must abandon the pretense that they nevertheless support "true affirmative action." Anything society does to help the victims of racial injustice will violate their alleged scruples. If they want to start a badly needed practical debate about when affirmative action works and when it does more harm than good, they had better get off their moral high horse.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Antidisestablishmentarianism and Nitrophenylpentadienal

RETURNING AFTER an absence of some months, I find Reagantown in the grip of one of its periodic religious frenzies. Possibly it's the weather, which as usual in August is unwholesomely swampy and feverish. More likely it's just the zeitgeist, which is that way all year round. The current mania was touched off by the secretary of education, William J. Bennett. He gave a speech saying that the bad guys who still supposedly run everything (liberals, the Supreme Court, etc.) have an "aversion to religion." The situation is so grave that the administration is prepared to put aside its usual reliance on the private sector in favor of more government programs. These government programs will promote what? They will promote the "Judeo-Christian tradition." That's the big thing right now, apparently. The "Judeo-Christian tradition."

THIS GETS TO an area that, to me, is close to home. As it happens, my ancestors are exactly half Jewish and half Christian as far back as can be traced. In other words, unlike Bennett and 99.99 percent of his fellow followers of the currently fashionable antidisestablishmentarian line, I actually *am* a Judeo-Christian. And I must say that we Judeo-Christians are beginning to get a little testy about the uses to which our name is being put. The past decade or so has brought about an alarming deterioration. Back then, most of the people who talked about the "Judeo-Christian tradition" were nice, high-minded clerics from the mainstream Protestant denominations who wanted to include Jews in on things like Brotherhood Week. The sentiments may have been a bit treacly, but the underlying purpose—to make people less inclined to hate each other on the basis of religious affiliation—was praiseworthy. The underlying purpose of the new crowd seems altogether different. Being inclusive is not what they have in mind. On the contrary. It looks to me like what they want to do is to slice off those of their fellow citizens who don't meet their standards for admission to the "Judeo-Christian tradition"—e.g., those who have an "aversion to religion," by which they presumably mean an aversion to organized religion and/or religious dogma—and then to read these citizens out of American society. As a Judeo-Christian who has an aversion to religion, and who is an American as good as or better than any mousse-haired, Bible-touting, apartheid-promoting evangelist on any UHF television station you can name, I must protest.

WHERE IS IT WRITTEN that if you don't like religion you are somehow disqualified from being a legitimate American? What was Mark Twain, a Russian? When did it become un-American to have opinions about the origin and meaning of the universe that come from sources other than the body of dogma of organizations approved by the federal government as certifiably Judeo-Christian? If it is American to believe that God ordered Tribe X to abjure pork, or that he caused Leader Y to be born to a virgin, why is it suddenly un-American to doubt that the prime mover of this unimaginably vast universe of quintillions of solar systems would be likely to be obsessed with questions involving the dietary and biosexual behavior of a few thousand bipeds inhabiting a small part of a speck of dust orbiting a third-rate star in an obscure spiral arm of one of millions of more or less identical galaxies? What is so terrible about being averse to religion?!? (Diarist suddenly pitches violently backward in chair and disappears from view, à la John Belushi.)

I THINK I KNOW who these people—not Bennett, necessarily, but certainly some of his religious-right allies—are talking about when they talk about the Judeo-Christian tradition. By Judeo-Christian, I suspect, they mean Christian. By Christian, they mean Protestant. By Protestant, they mean evangelical. (And by evangelical, I'll bet, they mean anti-abortion, pro-school prayer, anti-gay rights, pro-Star Wars, extreme right-wing Reaganite Republican.) A specimen of this type of Judeo-Christian, as opposed to the type represented by your Diarist, is John Lofton, correspondent and columnist for *The Washington Times*, a newspaper owned by Sun Myung Moon, the Korean messiah and tax-fraud artist. About a month ago, Lofton did a Q&A interview that ran under the priceless headline JEANE KIRKPATRICK: THOUGHTS ON RELIGION, ABORTION AND TAXATION. (The holy trinity?) Lofton harassed Mrs. Kirkpatrick with questions like

> Q: You mean, then, that you don't believe the Bible when it says it is the sole source of truth?

and

> Q: Goodness. We've just plunged headlong into heresy here. You mean God doesn't govern civil government?

and, best of all,

> Q: Reading your writings, you seem to be taken by some of these Greek philosophers. But can they really be relied on? . . . [Plato and Aristotle] were horrible people when you judge them by Christian standards.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick handles her interlocutor tactfully and skillfully, but you can almost see her eyes checking to make sure she has a clear path to the door. She obviously believes that her new political role obliges her to curry favor with these people; still it's hard to believe this was the fire she had in mind when she jumped out of the "blame America first" frying pan.

THE ONLY DISTRACTION from all the religious hoo-ha is the big pre-summit flap about the fairy dust the Russians supposedly have been sprinkling on our diplomats in Moscow. A few skeptics suspect the administration of cranking up this particular fuss at this particular time to divert attention from its own disastrous failures in arms control. A few even speculate that the whole thing simply has been made up, although the chemical in question, NPPD (full name in title at top of page), certainly *sounds* dangerous. No matter how it all turns out, though, this much is already clear: never again can it be said that the Reagan administration is incapable of becoming indignant over an environmental issue.

H.H.

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Don't miss
"Quest for the Killers"
a PBS special series starting Monday, September 9.
See local listings for further information

Silent partners in world health

Recent triumphs in the field of tropical medicine will soon be celebrated in "Quest for the Killers," a documentary series to be aired nationally on PBS. One program will describe the fight against a worm infestation called schistosomiasis on the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean.

Schistosomiasis affects as many as 200 million people in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Puerto Rico and Latin America. It is often called "snail fever" because at one stage of their life cycle, *Schistosoma* worms infect snails that live on the bottom of rivers and streams. These parasites invade the skin of humans who drink, wash or swim in contaminated waters. They can cause severe itching, fever, diarrhea, and eventually irreversible damage to the liver. For 16 years, researchers visiting St. Lucia have been testing the practicality of various methods of control. Three approaches have proven to be most effective.

First, a public health team sprayed the rivers and streams of St. Lucia to get rid of infested snails. New plumbing facilities were constructed to assure a supply of uncontaminated water. Finally, treatment of people carrying the parasite was greatly facilitated by a drug developed and supplied by Pfizer. While previous treatments had to be given by injection, this drug was given orally only once, making it much simpler to reach a large number of people. The total control and elimination of the parasite is not yet a reality, but this combined medical and environmental program has done much to make life better for the people of the island.

Developing a drug such as this is a significant task that takes a decade or more and tens of millions of dollars. It generally involves the synthesis of hundreds of compounds in the organic chemistry laboratory. These compounds are then screened for antiparasitic activity. If one or more of them shows promise, the next step is to do toxicity studies and learn all about how the potential new drugs behave in laboratory animals. Only after completion of extensive, time-consuming animal studies can the drug be tested for safety and effectiveness in humans. And clinical trials in human patients can last for several years. If the clinical trials indicate that the drug should be made available, new technology must be developed to produce it on a mass basis, and in cases like this, with little if any profitability for the developer.

Drug research and development isn't always "good theater." And it's largely a team endeavor generally without charismatic heroes. The days of Paul Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" are long past. The work of the pharmaceutical industry isn't usually the stuff of TV documentaries. But the drugs depicted in the various episodes came from the laboratories of pharmaceutical companies all over the world. The pharmaceutical industry has been the silent partner of government agencies, physicians, nurses and their associates who achieved public health miracles in St. Lucia and other developing countries.

In the Third World, pharmaceuticals are perhaps even more important than in advanced industrial countries. Often they are the only form of advanced medical technology which is practicable. Other forms of care, such as surgery, are often too cumbersome and too demanding of scarce resources. Drugs, by comparison, are portable, relatively inexpensive and comparatively simple to use.

The vast majority of drugs for the Third World and also for developed countries originate in the pharmaceutical industry. The government agencies do not have the broad expertise or resources for drug development, and medical schools and universities have different missions. Only the major research/pharmaceutical companies have the necessary skills and resources. Most manufacturers of generic drugs lack the research capabilities to create new drugs and test them for safety and efficacy. And that's only one reason an economically viable research-based pharmaceutical industry is important to all of us.

Pfizer is pleased to have been a partner in helping to reduce the hazards of one of the world's more widespread health problems. Pfizer is also pleased to have had an opportunity to help make it possible to tell this story. Therefore, we hope you will find time to watch "Quest for the Killers."

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GIVE HER A DIAMOND TO SET HER HEART ABLAZE.

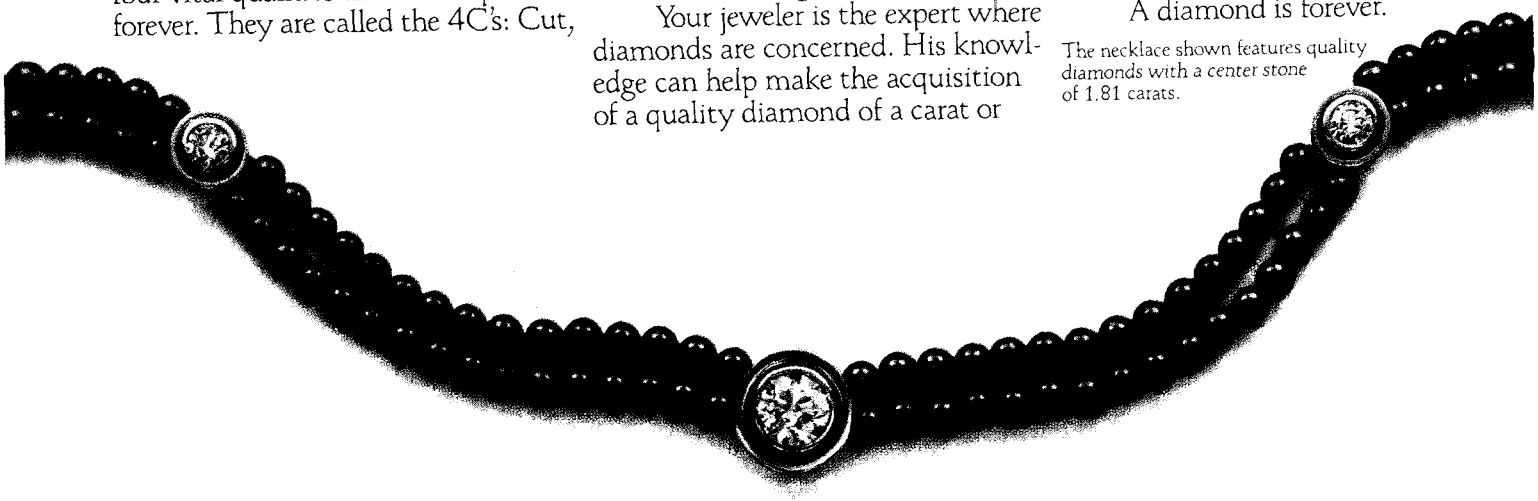
Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena. Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four vital qualities that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. It is the 4C characteristics that determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree the beauty and value of your jewelry—no matter what the design.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

Give her a quality diamond of a carat or more. A truly rare and beautiful gift. Like the woman you love.

A diamond is forever.

The necklace shown features quality diamonds with a center stone of 1.81 carats.



A QUALITY DIAMOND OF A CARAT OR MORE.
A FIRE RARELY SEEN.

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